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Fifty Cents

And Now Berlin . . .

R. A. Spencer

► DESPITE HIS vodka-damaged kidneys, Nikita Krushchev remains an antagonist of bewildering dexterity. Hardly had the conflagration in the Middle East been dampened down when it threatened to spread to the Far East. And the alarm bells had barely been silenced in the Formosa Straits when a slow burning fuse was lit in Berlin. It was a pretty sensational pyrotechnic item, too, guaranteed to burn whoever tried to pick it up, certain to produce an unusual form of display. Soviet threat to Berlin! The tocsins rang out. The Globemasters were assembled. A new blockade? Let it come. Berlin and the Western Powers proved that they could defeat Soviet policy in 1948-49. Now, a decade later, with Berlin well-stocked with reserves of food and fuel, with airport facilities greatly extended, with bigger and better planes, with all that experience what need we fear?

Unfortunately, Krushchev declined to play his assigned role. He too had not failed to extract his lessons from 1948-49. Not for him the crude, blustering tactics of Comrade Stalin. His game would be much more subtle, though none the less devilish. He first announced that the Soviet Union would withdraw its forces from East Berlin and turn over its remaining responsibilities there to the authorities of the German Democratic Republic (whose capital was already in Berlin-Pankow). Then, to cheer Mr. Dulles's Thanksgiving Day, he invited the Western Powers to withdraw from West Berlin which would then become a demilitarized Free City, guaranteed by the four former occupying powers and the two German governments, and if necessary by the United Nations. The Soviet Union and the East German Government provide West Berlin with raw materials and foodstuffs. In return West Berlin would ban all "defamatory propaganda" or "spying" against the Soviet Union or the D.D.R.

It all added up to a nice tidy package. It took account of the fact that the war was more than a decade away; that the agreements on the status of Berlin seemed to have been rendered obsolete by developments in East and West. It hit at the inflexibility of the West's German policy. Krushchev was offering a two part program — half he could carry out on his own; for the other half he invited the acquiescence of the Western Powers in the abrogation of the agreements of 1944-45, 1949, and the subsequent declarations of support. But did he really think his proposals had any chance of being accepted? It seems highly improbable, an impression which is probably strengthened rather than weakened by his subsequent statement that his proposals were negotiable only in detail. Perhaps he hoped only to give the Western Powers and Bonn a salutary reminder that Nikita Krushchev still holds the keys to the German kingdom. Perhaps he merely wanted to embarrass the Western Powers by giving them a particularly indigestible piece of *Wurst* to chew on at the NATO Council meeting. Perhaps, on the other hand, he did mean it, and this was the opening gun in a battle that was

to lead to a triumphant and peaceful "extension of the *status quo*" which would see Soviet power resume its westward march. Yet to be squeezed out of Berlin, would involve the gravest setback to Western diplomacy since 1945. It would hardly be expected that the United States would stand idly by without using, or threatening to use, some of its atomic stockpile. Of this risk Krushchev must be aware. And it makes the riddle of his intentions all the harder to solve.

But leaving the ultimate explanation of Krushchev's tactics to the professional peepers over the Kremlin wall, it is at least possible to find a number of reasons which may have impelled him to raise the Berlin issue. For a long time it was thought that the Russians were reasonably well satisfied with the present stalemate on Berlin which, among other advantages, gave them a convenient and indecently exposed western limb which they could jab whenever they felt some gesture was necessary. But they may have decided recently that the cost was too great: the prestige of this bustling, booming, impressively rebuilding, excitingly bright if tinselly ex-capital, contrasting so sharply with the drab grays and browns of the East Sector or the surrounding D.D.R.; the flow of refugees had somehow to be stopped, for how much longer could a situation be tolerated which permitted, in a single month, 129 doctors, each with a potential patient list of 2,000, to flee to the West? Perhaps, too, it meant that the long standing conflict on Soviet policy between using the Eastern Zone to conquer the federal Republic, and the part alternative, part parallel policy of strengthening the D.D.R. as a firm bastion of the satellite empire was being resolved in favour of the latter. Soviet motives also become clearer when one considers the importance which the Germans themselves attach to Berlin. "The clamp which holds Germany together", in Willy Brandt's words: The expression of the continuing hope of reunifica-

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Current Comment

The Groves of Academe

A completely happy ending to "the Crowe case" at United College, Winnipeg, is precluded by the heat generated during the controversy, but the unconditional reinstatement of Professor Crowe is the indispensable move toward a solution; it may even have been a condition of the continued existence of the college. There are many reasons for satisfaction with this result.

In the first place, an individual who had been unjustly deprived of his job has been restored to his position and United College has retained the services of an excellent teacher. Something of the college's reputation as a liberal institution has been saved, although it will remain very tarnished in many minds as long as the present Board of Regents continues in office. The public will not easily forget the Board's determination to dismiss Professor Crowe without informing him of the charges against him, the incredible contradictions in its public justification of its actions, nor the impossible terms of the first offer of reinstatement, terms which apparently included a public "apology" and the publication of the misused letter by Professor Crowe; acceptance of such terms would have constituted an admission that the contents of the letter were properly the concern of the Board and that he had been wrong in his protest. Up to the time of writing the Board had not explicitly renounced this view but the unconditional reinstatement of Professor Crowe is surely a tacit admission of previous error.

Not the least of the reasons for satisfaction is the demonstration offered by this controversy that democratic processes can operate effectively to secure redress for an individual who has been wronged. Credit for this belongs initially, of course, to Professor Crowe himself, who refused to submit to an intolerable violation of the privacy of his personal correspondence, and to the colleagues in several universities who encouraged him in his resistance. Then the Canadian Association of University Teachers proved its ability to play a constructive role in the dispute, in spite of the failure of the college administration to honour its promises to co-operate in the investigation. Further, the fifteen members of the college staff who resigned when the board refused to accept the CAUT recommendation that Professor Crowe be reinstated had the strong support of many graduates of the college and of a large segment of the general public. Indeed, the extent of public concern is one of the most heartening features of the whole affair; members of the academic community had an obvious interest, but editorials and letters in the press across the country represented far more than that, and are clear evidence that few Canadians subscribe to the view that their private correspondence is any business of their employers. In announcing his resignation Principal Lockhart complained that he had been subjected to "trial by press, radio and TV". To persons more detached from the struggle it appeared that these channels of public communication were quite properly used to disseminate facts and opinions about an issue which many Canadians believed was of considerable significance to them and to the conduct of higher education in this country.

The CAUT report raises several important questions about the government of Canadian universities. It observes that on paper our universities are organized much like business corporations, with the governors or regents function-

ing as company directors. In practice, the worst possibilities of this situation are seldom realized because most administrators and faculty members do not accept "the employer-employee, boss and hired hand, relationship . . . as an appropriate analogy for the treatment of faculty by governing boards . . .". There is a good deal of evidence in the report that the Regents of United College look upon themselves simply as employers of labor and have little appreciation of the university as a community of scholars who share responsibility for the life of the institution and whose duties include the expression of opinions on general policy.

In the majority of Canadian colleges and universities the president or principal plays a positive part in liaison between boards and faculties, but the CAUT committee found that the principal of United College had "abdicated" his duties as chief executive officer of the college very early in the development of the Crowe controversy; whether he did so of his own volition or as the result of pressure from the Board is uncertain, but it is clear that after precipitating the battle by retaining and photostating Professor Crowe's letter, the Principal quickly came to occupy a position of subservience to the board in which he too was apparently little more than "a hired hand". If this failure of communication and understanding contributes to the growing awareness among both governing bodies and faculty members of the desirability of greater faculty participation in the formation of university policies, on the pattern of British universities, it will have served a useful purpose.

There is no legal definition of tenure applicable to the terms of employment in Canadian universities, a fact which the CAUT report readily admits. But the report establishes beyond doubt that the treatment accorded Professor Crowe was well outside the generally accepted understanding of tenure in the academic world, and it urges clearly that without reasonable security of tenure no university teacher can feel confident that he enjoys academic freedom.

It is to be hoped that the United Church of Canada will examine its relation to the college. The failure of the church to give the dispute the attention it merited was no doubt due partly to a complicated organizational framework in which the college board seemed to be autonomous and the responsibility of other church bodies somewhat obscure. Since the General Council last September appeared to accept the administration's definition of "loyalty to the college" one may wonder whether a closer relationship between the college board and church officials is desirable, but the considered judgment of the church authorities will perhaps be more in keeping with traditional United Church policies in education.

In one quarter at least there is gratitude to the participants in the recent drama in Winnipeg—they provided the basis for one of the best Rawhide scripts of the year. M.P.

A Winter Garland

In the flashy fastnesses of the ballroom of the Royal York Hotel, Toronto's Canadian Club did honor to the arts, in the elderly persons of E. J. Pratt, A. Y. Jackson and Healey Willan. The occasion was a dinner (8th December) at which the principal speaker was Leonard Brockington, C.M.G., Q.C., a practised public orator who, as head of Odeon Theatres, is remarkable for his ability and willingness to quote Theocritus, and generally to remind powerful men and men-of-distinction of their classical heritage.

Telegrams were read from the Governor-General, from the Prime Minister and Mr. Pearson, and from the Poet Laureate and the Master of the Queen's Music in England. Attention was drawn to the menu, which contained nothing very surprising in the way of food, but which carried repro-

ductions of a painting by Dr. Jackson, a poem by Dr. Pratt, and part of the score of Dr. Willan's Coronation anthem. Oddly enough, a hotel trio provided music during the meal — "selections" from *Lilac Time* and other aids to digestion.

Mr. Brockington spoke with his customary sonority. He dwelt at some length on the comparative poverty of the guests of honor. (Presumably it was a matter of surprise to the Canadian Club's members that one could be poor and yet distinguished.) Mr. Brockington emphasized that the average age of the three great men was over seventy. He left the members with the feeling that in honoring these men they were doing nothing dangerous — they were in fact honoring themselves.

None of the artists, in replying, asked the question which Bernard Shaw asked when the Dublin Corporation, in the evening of his life, awarded him the Freedom of the City. "Why was this honor not conferred before?"

KILDARE DOBBS.

Mr. Fleming's Dilemma

This year the government's cash deficit is running at something like \$1,500 millions, and the prospect for a decrease from that figure next year is not a strong one. Mr. Fleming seems to wish that his colleagues, led by the Prime Minister, would stop thinking up new ways to spend money so fast. But he is clearly not prepared to stake his cabinet job on the issue, a sure sign that love of office is still a very predominant motive in the minds of the Queen's new Councillors.

One would have supposed that Mr. Fleming would have been shocked to find, upon his return from Japan, that the market for government bonds was in an even worse state of demoralization than it was last June. When he announced

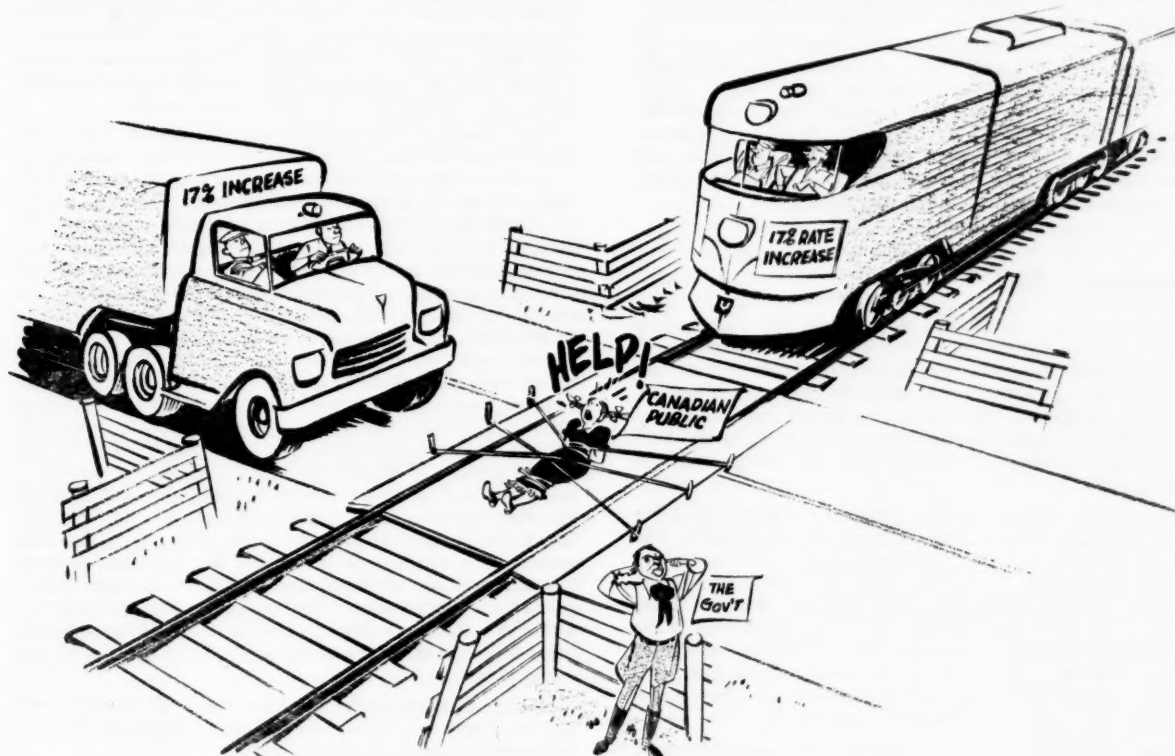
the Conversion Loan in July, Mr. Fleming conveyed the impression that the new level of bond prices would stick. Since the end of the Conversion Loan, however, the prices of all the bonds have dropped off a cliff. Thousands of Canadians who thought they were on to a good thing have now joined the scores of professional financial people who consider themselves to have been "had". Mr. Fleming, however, announced that he was neither surprised nor concerned, which at least shows that his memory is as selective as the next politician's.

The fact is, though, that he should be concerned about the state of affairs, and so should Mr. Diefenbaker. On the one hand the bulk of the public seems to look upon the Prime Minister's financial largesse with the amused and affectionate tolerance accorded to the little old lady in the song:

"A little bit of business here,
A little bit of business there,
A little bit of business everywhere
All around the square".

And on the other hand the great bulk of the financial community regards the deficit as a deliberate, cynical, and successful attempt to get and hold political power by distributing sops to every militant economic pressure group. According to one version of this view, the deficit is already out of relation to the real need, and the rise in interest rates reflects this imbalance. A more sophisticated version is that, while the deficit has so far been warranted by the extent of unemployment, the government will be incapable of turning off the tap when business activity is rising, and a continued deficit under such circumstances will contribute to a rip-roaring inflation.

Mr. Fleming's dilemma arises from this conflict between the spenders and the people who lend the money to do the



THE PERILS OF PAULINE

spending. As long as the lenders continue to look with apprehension on Mr. Diefenbaker's almost-daily trips to the till, interest rates will rise and the government's problems will be further accentuated.

The dilemma is of course more than a contrast in attitudes and opinions. There is also the dilemma of facts: unemployment is at a postwar high for this season but the cost of living index continues to mount; corporate profits have been somewhat reduced but stock prices have spiralled to new records; bond prices fall whereupon the public becomes even more reluctant to buy bonds. All of these extraordinary contrasts suggest that we may be heading for a critical clash in basic policies.

It may be that the dilemma of facts will be resolved by natural forces. Economic conditions might improve to such an extent that the deficit will drop sharply, and thereby remove the main cause of concern about bond prices. A more nearly balanced budget, together with a withdrawal of direct public financial support for housing, would go far towards restoring confidence in government bonds. On the other hand, any serious further weakness in the economy would soon justify the scale of the national deficit.

For the present the dilemma of facts remains, and the Cabinet probably does not have any unified approach to the situation. On the contrary, the government ambles around the square, handing out headache tablets. What is needed is a clear statement from the Minister of Finance that the government is prepared to take the necessary steps, however painful, to head off inflation when the problem clearly arises. There is no harm in saying that the current economic situation is confused — everyone can see that for himself — but that a decisive move will be made when necessary. Many people are coming to doubt whether bold and decisive action is possible from a government which does not really believe in the economic functions which have been thrust upon it since the Conservatives were last in power. Mr. Fleming could go some distance towards resolving his dilemma by producing a new White Paper on Employment, Income and Inflation, to supersede Mr. Howe's famous document of 1945. A clear statement of the government's over-all economic responsibilities and intentions would help to dispel the cloud of doubts, fears, and confusion which surrounds the deficit.

Student Aid

Newman, who cannot be omitted from any comment on a university's function, pointed out that to discover and to teach are distinct functions. It would have helped if he had given us the corollary, that to discover and to learn are distinct functions also. This modest reflection and some more disturbing conclusions are induced by a reading of the University of Toronto President's Advisory Committee on Student Aid.

The report recommends that students who obtain First Class Honours in nine grade XIII papers may receive free tuition, bursary aid and loans throughout their university course "as long as First Class Honours standing is maintained". Second Class Honours students would receive bursary aid and loans under the same conditions while Third Class Honours students would receive no such help unless they hit a higher target in the course of their university career. A further recommendation is that a ten months' university year should be considered.

Any discussion aimed at making the opportunity for university study less dependent on economic means is to

be welcomed. This report, however, calls for a close examination on the following counts.

Firstly, we must ask whether it adds to a university's purpose to insist that a student jump through hoops of varying diameter at stated intervals in his university career in order that he may reach, suitably clothed and fed, the finishing post. If a university education is not to be a progression by rote and a diligent response to a carefully graded system of tests but rather an exploration and a perception of what may yet be, can we not be indulgent to the student, of whatever standing, if he is led, at the midway stage say, to digress and reflect and find himself less in tune than he should be with the examination needs of that particular year? The spectacle of the impecunious student beating his way rigorously and unfeelingly to the next first class honours hurdle to stave off a drop in income is not a vastly civilized one. And do we need second class honours students so much less that their financial burden should be more? And shall we judge the third class honours type to be a lesser species of student quâ student because he is only academically good instead of very good or excellent?

If entrance requirements and examinations and post-entry counselling were improved and more money spent to ease lecturing loads and to make student-teacher contacts a real possibility, the 33% who currently fail at some stage in their university career might be reduced and the time and money spent on a more generous and unconditional assistance to students of any honours calibre. The studies so far made on the relationship between intrinsic mental ability and academic achievement do not encourage the view that these proposals for student aid are the ones most likely to cut down the wastage of true academic talent. The fear that money might be wasted with less stringent requirements is not an important consideration. The real slacker can be recognised and uprooted, as the recent examples in the less structured regime of Oxford have shown. The one abiding principle which these recommendations violate is that academic study, once begun, should not be fraught with an economic anxiety that can only be eased by meeting periodic external tests as to the state of the student's intellectual growth.

Then there is the matter of the ten months' year. The report admits in some prior considerations that there will be a "need to retain and enlarge a highly competent staff with sufficient time to meet individual students, with opportunity for study and writing, and with adequate equipment for research and teaching". It is a serious question as to whether universities will gain and retain enough competent staff with a sense of university purpose under a ten months' plan. The wholly legitimate staff needs of refreshment, reflection, writing time, change of scene, consultation with subject colleagues across the country and the straight time-consuming, active research function are not going to be met in a two months' summer, whatever comfort the long Christmas holiday may bring. And who will say that this is less important to the university's role than the rhythm of the student's year? Who will deny also that the learner learns most purposefully from the learner and that the grinding lecturing function takes a heavy toll of the best learners? Moreover, from the student's point of view, if financial security is assured, as it should be, the prolonged summer (though maybe somewhat shorter than it is now) would give a real opportunity for sustained reading and practice, without his having to think of the first weeks of the academic year as a period of recuperation from the rigours of the summer past.

Piecemeal improvement of this student aid situation will not do. The N. C. C. U. now has the strength to give it a nation-wide study and prescription.

J. O'H.

Canadian Calendar

● C.C.F. leader M. J. Coldwell has taken up his assignment as chairman of the UN commission which will study community planning in India.

● The Trade Department plans to participate in more than 20 general and specialized trade fairs in 1959, beginning with the Canadian Trade Fair at Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 16-25, and following with fairs in the U.S., South Africa, European centres, Japan, Australia and South America. The department sizes up the products it thinks will sell in a given area, and companies desiring to exhibit abroad are advised what products seem most suitable. The company is responsible for supplying the display goods, shipping them to Ottawa and insuring them; the government pays for the exhibiting expenses. In this way \$259,000 was spent by the Department on Canadian exhibits abroad in 1956-57, \$305,000 in the last fiscal year, whereas support of the now-defunct Canadian International Trade Fair at Toronto cost the Department \$600,000 a year.

● Robert A. D. Ford, 43, ambassador to Colombia, has been appointed Canada's ambassador to Yugoslavia.

● Canada's Head of Mission in Warsaw will be G. Hamilton Southam, 42, until now acting head of the liaison division of the External Affairs Department.

● The Carnegie Corp. of New York has granted the University of Toronto \$90,000 to help finance a long-range study of what happens to talented high-school pupils in terms of ability and achievement. The study will be directed by Professor R. W. B. Jackson, director of educational research at the Ontario College of Education.

● Three 1875 Canadian coins, a 5, 10, and 25-cent piece, each bearing a likeness of Queen Victoria, were sold in London, England, for \$1,736.

● At a state banquet for Prime Minister Diefenbaker, Malaya's prime minister announced his country's intention to relax restrictions on dollar imports from Canada. Last year, Malaya's exports to Canada, mostly tin and rubber, totalled \$23,000,000; from Canada she bought \$3,000,000 in goods.

● Three Russian scientists, two of them graduates of Moscow's School of Mines, the third a graduate of the Chemical and Technical Institute in Moscow, visited Canada's uranium-mining operations in Ontario's Algoma Basin, regarded as the world's largest uranium camp. This was a return visit following a tour of some Russian uranium mines by Stephen B. Roman, president of Consolidated Denison and Can-Met, during the tour of Soviet industry by Canadian businessmen earlier in 1958.

● Cold storage holdings of butter in Canada at Nov. 1 were 113,502,000 pounds, which is roughly 23,000,000 lbs. more than last year. Cheddar cheese holdings were 60,407,000 lbs., up slightly from last year's 57,453,000 pounds.

● Canada has offered to give the International Atomic Energy Agency three tons of natural uranium for sale to Japan. The uranium, worth about \$100,000 would be used by Japan for its peacetime atomic energy program. Canada offered the free uranium when bids for the sale of natural uranium to the authority — the first public marketing of the ore — were made in Vienna Dec. 12. The money which will be received by the agency from Japan as payment, if the Canadian offer is accepted, will enable the agency to carry forward its program of developing and expanding the uses of atomic energy for peacetime purposes. Since estab-

lishment of the agency, Canada has been one of the strongest supporters.

● Canada's first university nuclear reactor, at McMaster University, is now nearly completed. Test operations will begin early in 1959, and full-scale operations in the spring.

● The federal government approved a 17% increase in freight rates for Canada's railways, thus enabling the railways to meet union demands and avert the threatened nation-wide strike. The government will meet about half the cost of this increase by means of a system of short-term subsidies, which may have to be continued while a commission of experts, to be established by the government, considers a long-term solution to freight rate inequities. The subsidies will be paid to the railways on the condition that they reduce freight rates on goods shipped into and out of the four Western and the four Atlantic provinces.

● The Canadian trucking industry has raised its freight charges 17% to match the increase in railway freight charges.

● In Ontario, the investigation of a series of accidents caused by leakage of natural gas, has revealed serious negligence and a lack of knowledge of the code of standards by those engaged in the gas business and its allied industries. The province is acting to strengthen its gas inspection codes.

● The Quebec government has refused a Royal Commission inquiry into the gas deal in Quebec, because part of the subject that would be covered by the inquiry is before the courts in connection with the suits for libel taken against the Montreal newspaper *Le Devoir*.

● The citizenship department at Ottawa granted education scholarships ranging from \$420 to \$1,000, and totalling \$10,430, to fifteen Canadian Indians.

An Assembly for the Republic

John C. Cairns

► "WELL," I SAID, "how did you vote on Sunday?" — "How did I vote? But U.N.R., of course," was the reply. "What else was there to do?" — "Well then, tell me," I said, "what does the U.N.R. stand for?" — "How should I know? I don't know what it *stands* for, but I'm glad we got rid of all those old creatures from the past, Mendès-France and people like that . . ." Below us, in the streets, the Christmas-shopping crowds swirled on the pavement and dodged in and out of the morning traffic, their minds a thousand miles away from the *Union pour la Nouvelle République* and the elections — let alone the white bulletins they had deposited in September to accept the Constitution of the Fifth Republic. What they had done on two successive Sundays, November 23 and 30, was only to confirm the ringing 'Yes' they had given General de Gaulle and the mildly authoritarian document he presented (as his price and his ultimatum) to the country, September 28. The proportions of the landslide to the Right might have been unforeseen, but the destruction of the Centre had been announced long before. The eclipse of the Left had been made certain by the electoral machinery introduced into the Fifth Republic, and by the bankruptcy and divisions of the parties involved.

France stayed up, or woke up, to find that the new Assembly would have only 10 Communists instead of 145, only 40 Socialists instead of 88, only 13 Radicals instead of 56, only 57 Catholics instead of 71, some 189 U.N.R. representatives instead of 16 Social Republicans, and one Poujadist instead of 52. Thus the parliamentary Com-

munist bloc had been smashed; the Socialists halved; the Radicals quartered; the Poujadists annihilated; the moderate Right inflated; and a vast and really new party, the U.N.R., created. It was the most stunning reversal of political fortunes in memory, but it was founded partly on the mechanics of the two-ballot, simple-majority-in-the-second-round system de Gaulle's Government adopted. There was no denying that the voting figures showed an important shift away from the extreme Right and the Centre, and a weakening of the extreme Left—but nothing comparable to the enormous redistribution of seats. This sort of thing was of course an old game, rigging the representation. The Fourth Republic had practised it from 1951, to strike at the Communists, though without any very salutary effects in the end. What it meant was that some 3¾ million Communist votes produced 10 Deputies—and some 4¾ million U.N.R. votes produced 189 Deputies. The bargaining of the between-ballots week, the withdrawal of candidates, the intrigues and vendettas contrived to work this magic. All perfectly legitimate, all perfectly comprehensible. The sole question was what the massive U.N.R. stood for, other than firmness in Algeria and the somewhat indeterminate principles of Gaullism.

The campaign had been slow, stodgy, without any enthusiasm. Having given the General an overwhelming vote of confidence in the Referendum, the people of France did not see that there was much point in voting in another parliament. They failed to attend candidates' meetings in great numbers. They littered the streets with unread tracts. They were interested not in politicians but in the guarantees of peace, prosperity and general order they thought the man at the Hotel Matignon stood for. Politicians, they thought, had brought them to the events of May 13; they had had enough of that. All this disenchantment was grist to the U.N.R. mill. They too were out to discredit the political past—though many of their number were rather compromisedly mixed up in it. Claiming the most immediate connection with the General, parading their earliest devotions at the Call almost no one had heard on June 18, 1940, the U.N.R. grouped a mass of ambitious new, and some tried old politicians, under the protection of what they claimed to be the true Cross of Lorraine. Led by Jacques Soustelle (and aided not a little by his office as Minister of Information, controlling the radio, television and newsreels, with a certain leverage on the great daily press), the U.N.R. candidates dedicated themselves to create a new France and end the byzantine machinations of the Fourth Republican era. Against them were the familiar faces of the Communists, bitterly hostile, mentally exhausted, verbally hackneyed, a party without a fresh idea, repeating the slogans the Popular Front had died mouthing years before. Against them were the Socialists, the very rump of the party that had gathered under the banners of Jules Guesde and Jean Jaurès, compromised over and over again, and not least by its recent responsibility for the North African imbroglio. Against them, too, were the Radicals, divided, discredited, a shadow of their old physique, the dilapidated symbol of the Third and Fourth Republics, condemned many times over. In such circumstances it was not so much necessary for the U.N.R. to produce a program as to denigrate the Centre and Left, invoke the august personage of the General (who had of course forbidden any party or group to make use of his name), and appeal to patriotism. The formula was simple; it fitted the mood of 1958 perfectly. The newness and unknownness of Soustelle's organization was a major factor; it permitted assault without much fear of battery. It did not shake the Moderate Right which had known for some time what it wanted. But it decimated the

Centre which had known for a long time that it did not know what it wanted.

The carnage in the Palais Bourbon was considerable. More than 380 former Deputies would not return to the hemicycle. Former Ministers and Presidents of the Council went down like ninepins. The voting was impartial: it eliminated political talent and political tawdriness, striking down François Mitterand and André Morice, as if they had both tried to save the Fourth Republic from itself or had both helped to build the Atlantic Wall for the Todt Organization. It downed, temporarily, at least, the political shuttlecocks that had stayed up in the game by sheer opportunism to the very end, Edgar Faure, Robert Lacoste, and others. It ended the careers and extinguished finally the light of such fading stars from other days as Edouard Daladier and Pierre Cot. It revealed the astonishing capacity for survival of such old hands as Paul Reynaud, and the capacity to sit out a whole Republic in the wilderness of Georges Bonnet. It invaded the stronghold of the toiling masses to cast down Jacques Duclos, though it permitted the return of that other phantom of the Stalin era, Maurice Thorez. It must, all in all, have been one of the most haphazard and unconsciously light-hearted votes in the history of France. It was freely exercised. This time there was no threat of parachutists from the skies, or the suggestion of trunks being packed up for the journey back to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises. No fear, no pressure. Had it not been winter, there would have been picnics in the Bois de Boulogne.

In the immediate aftermath, no one could tell you what was going to happen. It seemed clear, however, that the presidential system was not going to work out quite as the General and his collaborators had wished. In such a totally unbalanced Assembly it would be difficult to imagine God himself exercising an impartial arbitration. It seemed not impossible, therefore, that the office of President of the Council might turn out to be more important than had been foreseen. But much was dependent upon the unity of the amorphous mass of the U.N.R. and its ability to continue control of the 70 Deputies from Algeria, nationalist, largely unrepresentative, the picked clique of the Army and the European ultras. The Moderates might go into opposition against the U.N.R.; they might go into a guarded partnership. They might also divide themselves. But with or without them, for a time at least, and until the U.N.R. broke into splinter groups, the party of Soustelle would be dominant. What did they stand for? That too was unknown. They were against treason and the abandonment of Algeria; were they for a continuation of the war to 'victory'? They were for the unity of France; would they move against the party of Moscow in France? They were, by origin, allies of the revolutionary military junta of Algeria that had helped overthrow the abject Fourth Republic; would they now try to discipline the officers who had helped make them what they were? In the immediate aftermath, such questions simply went into orbit around the Elysée Palace where, it was assumed, the General would take up residence as first President of the Fifth Republic in the new year—though with less hopefulness and enthusiasm, perhaps, than he might have imagined possible when the Constitutional texts were hammered out in the last days of summer.

As for France, it was difficult to see that she had been willing to do much but abdicate from her responsibilities. In the great father figure of de Gaulle, in the grandiloquence of his language, in the certain nobility of his thought and conception of the national idea, France saw a solution to more than a century and a half of political upsets. In the orchestrated press and the dulcet tones of the official radio, tomorrow was not only going to be better: it was going

to be great. Frenchmen, however, both skeptical and intelligent, had heard that line before. But still there remained a last, almost despairing hope that this man, so physically impressive, so distant, so antique and disdainful, might yet pull them out of the political marshes and somehow end the blood-letting which had been one of the permanent conditions of the Fourth Republic. On that account they had given him a mighty 'Yes' on September 28. Similarly millions of them rallied on November 30 to the support of those who claimed to be his disciples. If they did not inspect credentials too closely, it was because they believed the alternatives even less promising.

So the presidential-parliamentary Fifth Republic moved out to meet its destiny. Burdened with the hopes of millions, it was also weighed down by its dark beginnings. For it was the product of bankrupt politics, colonial war, military threats and blackmail. The Fourth Republic had begun under the sign of shameful political trials and assassinations; the Fifth started in an atmosphere of partial justice, police action, Algerian and French terrorism and torture, and high-minded slogans. The regime might turn out to be something akin to what used to be called, in the old days, fascism. It might one day evolve from its complicated beginnings into a liberal, stable, even democratic system. The optimism of any observer, however, would be tempered by two things: the total reliance of public opinion upon an aging General, about whom the real question was whether he had not ultimately been more harmful than helpful to the development of those healthy institutions without which France must betray her mission in the modern world — and by the silence of that part of the parliamentary desert in which the remnants of the lost political tribes of the past wandered disconsolately in search of their yesterdays.

Paris, December 6, 1958.

The Borden Commission — Another View

C. A. Ashley

► THE FIRST REPORT of the Royal Commission on Energy confirmed doubts as to the wisdom of the late government of Canada. It deals primarily with natural gas, and one arrives at the conclusion that what has been done so far in connection with inter-provincial and international movements of gas is far from satisfactory; and that some of the effects of the unsatisfactory features will be evident for many years.

Since 1952 the Board of Transport Commissioners has had the power to regulate traffic and rates of oil pipe lines, but the Board has not exercised those powers, and has held only one formal hearing of a complaint. The increase in the market value of shares of the companies involved during the first five years of operations suggests that more attention should have been paid to rates. The Report recommends that natural gas pipe lines should be brought under the Act and that the Board should exercise its powers. The Report also recommends the appointment of a new National Energy Board, one of whose functions would be to license the construction of new pipe lines, other than those under the sole jurisdiction of provincial governments. It seems clear that if these recommendations had been made and acted on some years ago, we should now be in a happier condition. The Report suggests that other forms of energy might be brought under these two Boards in the future.

Mr. White, of Imperial Oil, is reported to have said that the Report makes no allowance for the competition which exists between various sources, forms and uses of energy. The two chief competitors with oil and natural gas are coal and hydro. The rates for the movement of coal are subject to the Board of Transport Commissioners, and hydro is either publicly owned or subject to regulation, so that regulation of oil and gas does not appear to be discriminatory; nor is there evidence that coal and hydro have found regulation oppressive. He further stated that the recommendations of the Report would make it virtually impossible to secure public participation in pipe line construction in Canada, but the history of Bell Telephone and Consumers' Gas does not support this contention. The "fair return" provision should be enough to attract capital; "unfair returns" would bear heavily on the rest of the economy. It appears that the investment made by the big oil companies in pipe line companies has been more profitable than would have been necessary to command the funds required.

Westcoast Transmission Company (natural gas) is subjected to a good deal of criticism in the Report. Over 600,000 of its shares were issued at five cents each, or less; and are now changing hands at \$20, the price having been depressed by the publication of the Report! Options were granted to American investment dealers and some individuals to buy shares, and these options have proved to be very profitable. The method of financing was in some respects similar to that used for highly speculative mines. Further, the terms of the contract made for the exportation of gas to U.S.A. were very favourable to American interests. The Report favours the carrying out of this onerous contract, but recommends that rates charged by the company in Canada should not be higher than the export rate merely to earn for shareholders more than a fair return on their investment.

Although the Report is very much less critical of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Company, it seems evident that the government of the day was slow to act, and then acted with disorderly haste. The fact that the shares of the company rose rapidly in price indicates that the terms on which funds were raised by the issue of "units" were more onerous than they should have been, and that investors expected to earn a high rate on their investment, the Canadian and Ontario governments having made a very considerable contribution to the financing of the total plan. Share options in this company have also proved to be very profitable, and one may again doubt whether this form of remuneration is suitable in what is essentially a public utility. The question remains whether a careful and orderly, and perhaps necessarily slower, development of international and inter-provincial pipe lines might not have resulted in rates for the Canadian consumer low enough to compensate for the time lost. Mr. Thompson, of the Imperial Bank, has stated that to carry out the recommendations of the Report would further and unduly delay the exportation of gas. In the absence of any elaboration of what is meant by "unduly" this statement seems to serve no useful purpose.

Mr. Ashforth of the Toronto-Dominion Bank states that the Report, if adopted, would subject the oil and gas industry to greater regulation than exists for any other major industry; he ignores the fact that the control is not aimed at that industry but at interprovincial and international transportation of its products. He also states that had the regulations recommended been in effect before, the development of the industry would have been slowed down considerably. This would not have been altogether regret-

able, for there is no doubt that the anxiety to expand all industries capable of expansion as quickly as possible after the end of the war contributed to the inflation which is another topic on which he comments. We might now be very glad to have some of that expansion to be undertaken at the present time. Directors of the Toronto-Dominion Bank hold nine seats on boards of companies directly interested in the subject matter of the Borden report.

The Report refers to "a fair rate of return on shareholders' equity", and also to the difficulties involved in fixing rates to give "a fixed rate of return on the value of the assets employed". If the latter formula is adopted, the rate of return to shareholders will be unduly high in companies having raised a large proportion of their funds through bond issues. "Shareholders' Equity" is not as good a basis for calculating a fair return as is "cash received for shares issued", but the unsatisfactory method of selling units composed of both bonds and shares makes it impossible to determine the cash paid for shares. It cannot be too strongly stated that the financing of gas lines has been carried out as if they were highly speculative, and that no speculator can reasonably expect that rates should be fixed to give him a fair return on the price at which he has chosen to buy shares in the market.

If a public utility is publicly owned, the whole of the funds required can be obtained at the lowest possible interest rate. If it operates at a profit, it can reduce its charges for services or contribute to the national exchequer; if it operates at a loss, it can increase its charges, provided the demand is not too elastic, or the government will make up the deficit. If a public utility is not publicly owned, and if its construction and capitalization have not been supervised by the government, its rates must none the less be regulated, and if it is driven into bankruptcy as a result of its early history or through inefficient management, it will be taken over by another company with lower fixed charges or by the government (cf. Grand Trunk Railway). Is there any room for an intermediate type of company which is allowed a great deal of freedom, whose bonds (not being guaranteed by the government) bear a higher rate of interest, and whose shareholders can expect rates to be fixed (and deficits met?) so that it can pay a certain return on their investment? If so, and if operations should at any time prove unprofitable, the consumer will, in one way or another, be providing shareholders with a high dividend combined with the security of government bondholders.

The Report draws attention to the difficulties that are likely to arise through rising costs of replacing fixed assets if depreciation is based on historic cost. If rates have been fixed to give a fair return on the shareholders' equity, what will happen when replacement becomes necessary? One answer is that additional capital will have to be raised to make up the difference between the depreciation charged and the replacement cost. The shareholders will have been receiving the sort of treatment usually reserved for bondholders (or perhaps even better treatment, with equal security and higher returns), and there is little reason why, if prices continue to rise, shareholders should not share the fate of bondholders: of finding that part of their "real" investment has disappeared.

Since I wrote the above, Mr. Dales has published an article in the *Forum* taking a line much less sympathetic to the Commission. He makes the mistake, I think, of confusing oil and gas companies with pipeline companies at two points. He writes that the Commission is against leverage as far as gas, oil and pipeline stocks are concerned, but the Report makes no reference to it except in pipeline companies. He writes that all other matters related to gas and oil will come under the National Energy Board. This

would be unconstitutional. The only powers proposed for this Board in this direction are to collect information to enable the Board to decide whether to grant licences for international or inter-provincial movements of oil and gas.

Mr. Dales discusses the fair rate of return and makes a comparison with Bell Telephone and public utilities in general, and writes that it is the normal case for borrowing by bond issues to bear a lower interest rate than the fair return on shares. I find that at the present time the yield on Bell Telephone shares is less than the yield on the company's bonds, and that this is true also of B.C. Power and Gatineau Power. He and I may agree that times are not normal! Apparently some public utilities would be saddling customers with higher charges than necessary if they raised new capital by issuing bonds rather than shares.

He is quite right in his statement that the disparity between shareholders in companies with different amounts of leverage will disappear (when the companies have settled down to a steady business) except in so far as early shareholders will have made more capital gains in one company than in another. He wonders if the Commission is aiming at insiders who made a lot of money, and intends to teach a few men a lesson. I am not sure that a lesson would not be salutary, particularly as some of the insiders still hold shares, and in view of the suspicion that some individuals and companies in U.S.A., still holding shares, made contracts very onerous for Canada. (This is not a matter of sour grapes. I entered the unseemly scramble for Trans-Canada units, and my profit would be much higher if the recommendations of the Report were ignored.)

The question is also raised by Mr. Dales whether hard-bargaining producers and distributors would not prevent pipeline companies from making inordinate profits. I think this is open to grave doubt. The producing companies have invested heavily in pipeline shares, and if high rates are charged they will share in the profits. The distributing companies, such as Consumers' Gas, will not be interested in rates as long as they are allowed a fair return. The only danger they run is that prices necessary to yield a fair return would be so high as to lose them business to hydro or coal. This appears unlikely, for Consumers' Gas is reducing rates and is likely to capture business.

I confess to having ignored a point made by Mr. Dales: that the pipeline companies may have a comparatively short life. This fact should be taken into account by the Board in fixing rates.

The Sommers Case

David Corbett

► ON FRIDAY, November 14th, 1958, Robert Sommers was sentenced to five years in the British Columbia provincial jail, having been found guilty as charged on five counts out of a total of nine. The crime was conspiracy to give and to receive considerations in money, bonds, travelling expenses and goods "for assisting and favouring individuals . . . in the transaction of business with the government." Also convicted and sentenced to five years was H. Wilson Gray. Two companies operated by Gray and his brother were fined a total of \$19,250. Acquitted were the two other persons charged, John Gray and C. D. Shultz, and two companies, including the biggest company named in the charges, B.C. Forest Products. Sommers and H. W. Gray and the two convicted companies have appealed their conviction on a number of points of fact and law, and the appeal is to be heard in February, 1959.

The trial leading to the convictions took eighty days of court sittings and began on May 1, 1958, but the case really began in 1955. In the Legislature on February 15th, 1955,

Gordon Givson, then a Liberal M.L.A., charged that "money talks" in the issuing of forest management licences. The government appointed Judge Arthur Lord as a royal commissioner to investigate this charge. At the hearings no one brought forward any substantial evidence and Judge Lord reported accordingly in March, 1955.

David Sturdy, a Vancouver lawyer then associated with the Liberal party, on December 7th, 1955 went to see the Attorney General, Robert Bonner, and made the accusations which have since been the subject of litigation. Mr. Bonner declined to act on Mr. Sturdy's sworn statement that the charges were true. Then, on December 16th, 1955, Sturdy appeared before the Royal Commission on Forest Resources to make the same accusations in public. Sommers sued Sturdy for slander. The slander action took twenty-two months to complete and ended in dismissal of Sommers' suit. Counsel for Sturdy at the final stage of trial of this action, on October 28th, 1957, said that Sommers had "used the court as a shield to keep this matter under cover when it suited his purpose".

Sommers resigned as Minister of Lands and Forests on February 27, 1956, protesting against what he called "this campaign of destruction."

"Ever since I took office", he said, "... my department and myself personally have been subjected to a continuous and increasingly bitter attack ... The ultimate objective, I can assure you, is to wipe out all legislation that provides for government control in the cutting of our forests ... Rather than buck public opposition, these people, under leadership of the honourable second member for Vancouver-Point Grey (Mr. Arthur Laing, Liberal leader) have resorted to a campaign of distortion, falsehoods and vilification that is without parallel in the political annals of this great province."

Sommers resigned, he said, "to concentrate all my energies on this fight", but in the ensuing twenty-two months his prosecution of the slander suit lacked vigour, to put it mildly. There were various delays, including an unsuccessful attempt by Sommers to have the Court of Appeal require further particulars from Sturdy about the offences he alleged Sommers had committed. Eventually the trial was put off until after the provincial election of September 19th, 1956, at which Sommers contested and won the Rossland-Trail seat.

At a public meeting during the election campaign, Deane Finlayson, the Conservative leader, gave details of the allegations against Sommers, was charged with contempt of court, and was acquitted by Mr. Justice J. O. Wilson. Judge Wilson, later to be the trial judge in the criminal proceedings against Sommers, Gray, et. al., said of Sommers on this earlier occasion, "He has wielded both the whitewash brush and the tarbrush, and it ill becomes him to complain of the bare recital of a set of charges already known to the public."

Finally the Sommers-Sturdy slander suit came to court, but its course was impeded by Sommers' action to prevent Sturdy from examining his bank statements. This went to the Supreme court of Canada and was rejected on June 26th, 1957. On September 23, 1957, Sommers failed to show up in court for a pre-trial examination in connection with the alleged slander, his counsel claiming he was ill. Sommers' illness continued, or at least he failed to appear for examination, until finally the then Mr. Justice J. V. Clynne, on October 28th, 1957, dismissed his slander suit against Sturdy.

The case was now before no court. The charges against Sommers were for the first time in three years in the public domain and were printed in full by the newspapers. Premier Bennett announced, on October 31st, 1957, the appointment of the then Chief Justice Gordon Sloan as a royal commissioner to inquire into the charges against Sommers. This

led to further legal complications, as Sommers' counsel questioned the constitutionality of using a royal commission for this purpose. On November 21st, acting on instructions from the Attorney General, Mr. Bonner, the R.C.M.P. arrested Sommers and others charged with him.

The Attorney General has since explained, in a statement of November 15th, 1958, that he finally ordered prosecution in 1957 because he foresaw a long legal tangle over the constitutionality of the Sloan royal commission, and because the Sloan commission, in November 1957 subpoenaed "records and material which had not previously been obtained" and "... legal advisers to the Sloan Commission concluded that sufficient evidence had been secured which warranted prosecution for conspiracy and so advised the Attorney General who ordered immediate action." Whatever his explanation, Mr. Bonner has been widely criticized for the delay of almost two years before prosecuting Sommers on Sturdy's charges.

Mr. Bonner's defence is a complex one. In earlier statements he argued that he should not intervene while the Sommers case was the subject of a civil action, the slander suit. He has since abandoned this argument, perhaps because criminal proceedings can always take precedence over civil proceedings and to persist in arguing otherwise would hardly impress his colleagues in the legal profession. Now instead he presents himself as the industrious public servant steadily piling up the evidence until the prosecution could count on winning. He ordered the R.C.M.P. to investigate the charges against Sommers in February, 1956. Their investigation "was conducted in British Columbia and also in Canada [sic] and in California where Eversfield [a principal crown witness] was residing". But the report of this investigation, the so-called Butler report, delivered to the government in the fall of 1956 but so far withheld from the public, did not, Mr. Bonner says, "disclose the basis upon which a recommendation to prosecute those accused could be made, and no recommendation to prosecute came to me as a result." This last phrase contains a sly verbal transfer of responsibility from the Minister to his subordinate officials.

Two comments are suggested by these happenings. The first is that in this province the legislature is not the principal scene of political controversy. Two or three dramatic episodes did, it is true, take place there. The latest was the demand for Mr. Bonner's resignation by Robert Strachan the new CCF leader and others at the 1958 session, and the decision by Mel Bryan, Social Credit M.L.A. for North Vancouver, to cross the floor and become an independent in protest against Mr. Bonner's tardiness in prosecuting Sommers.

Most of the story, however, has been enacted in election campaign meetings, before royal commission, in the courts and in the newspapers. A legislature which sits for six weeks each year is not a Parliament and cannot play a central role in the politics of a province. This leaves the official opposition at a disadvantage unless it can find other forums. A longer legislature session each year is necessary if the legislature is to take its proper place as the centre of political debate.

In this case the courts were subjected to severe strains, and if they have emerged with honour it is greatly to their credit. Mr. Justice J. O. Wilson and the jury who tried Sommers and the others for conspiracy and bribery had great difficulty not only because of the length and complexity of the proceedings but also because of the political notoriety of the case. The Vancouver Sun's discussion of it led to the conviction of that newspaper on a charge of contempt of court and a fine of \$5000 imposed in November, 1958, immediately after the Sommers case had been disposed of.

When a Minister is charged with a crime, the newspapers ought to be restrained from discussing it in such a way as

to prejudice fair trial. In the legislature, on the other hand, the members ought to be able to discuss the case freely, without contempt of court, under the immunity which is their parliamentary privilege. In this way the opposition can weave out of a few facts a web of inferences about government corruption, and if the inferences are near the truth the government may be forced into further disclosures or even resignation. The legislature ought to be the real testing ground for confidence in the government, and if there are reasons for confidence to be withdrawn, the legislature ought to be able to smoke them out. "Trial by legislature" can be dangerous to individual liberty but the importance of public trust in the government sometimes has to override this consideration. In order that individuals be protected from the damaging effects of malicious gossip in the legislature it is necessary that members behave responsibly, and that the newspapers be restrained from printing libel. The newspapers, in theory at least, cannot publish all that is said in the legislature, or they may be guilty of libel or contempt of the legislature. No official record of debates is printed in British Columbia. This is regrettable, since a Hansard would be a means by which political discussion of a case such as this could be put on the record without the prejudice to fair trial that comes inevitably from publication in mass-circulation daily papers.

One of the worst features of the long controversy was the government's attempt, supported by the Speaker at the session of 1956, to restrict the legislature's debate on the Sommers case on the ground that it was a matter before the courts. Fortunately some members saw through this ruse and protested. But a section of the public may still think the government was constitutionally obliged to muzzle the opposition in the interests of fair trial. What is needed for a fair trial is restraint not of the legislature but of the press.

When the legislature is not in session, which is most of the time, political leaders can only discuss a court case to the extent that the laws of contempt allow, or they can take the risk and hope the courts will be lenient. One result of this quandary in which political leaders find themselves is that newspapers, skilled in the laws of contempt of court, or unimpressed with the risk of fines, take over the Opposition's function. The publishers of the *Vancouver Sun* and the *Victoria Times* have had more to do with forcing action on the Sommers case than Messrs. Laing, Finlayson, Webster or Strachan, and as a result the political controversy has been channelled uselessly away. Neither Mr. Cromie nor Mr. Keate is, after all, a candidate for political office. The Sommers case in the circumstances has not helped the emergence of a clear alternative to Mr. Bennett's government.

The second comment is that in this case the process of justice owes as much to an economically interested party as to militant civic virtue. An important share of the initiative in bringing Mr. Sommers to trial has come from an enemy of the large lumber companies, Mr. Gordon Gibson. He is in the logging business but does not hold a forest management licence, and is the leading spokesman of the small loggers. He has confirmed Mr. Sturdy's statement to the press on November 6th, 1958, that he supplied \$4950 to Mr. Sturdy and Mr. Eversfield to help them bring the case to court. Following Mr. Sommers' conviction Mr. Gibson said "Forest management is the greatest disgrace ever to hit B.C. Everyone who has taken part in it should share some of Mr. Sommers' disgrace. This thing is going to go farther. The big boys aren't in there yet." Arthur Laing, who generally supports Mr. Gibson's views on forest policy, is reported as saying that any large assignments of resources, such as forest management licences, should not be granted at the discretion of a Minister, but only by the Legislature itself after full debate.

Criticism of the forest management system may be in order on other grounds, but on grounds of procedure it can be defended. To shift responsibility from the individual Minister, and the Cabinet collectively, either to the legislature as a whole or to an administrative board, as was suggested by Chief Justice Sloan in his first report on the forest industry, would not improve matters. The public's disillusionment with one particular Minister ought not to be the occasion for a retreat from the system of Ministerial responsibility. The system as it is probably involves less risk of abuse than either of the others. This case shows that even a Minister can be brought before the courts. The public has two safeguards, the judicial one and the political one of defeating the Minister and his party at the polls. If the whole legislature were to allocate resources the political safeguard is there, but could the courts run to earth every case of an individual member bribed to cast his vote for a licence applicant? The history of the granting of franchises by American State legislatures ought to be sufficient warning.

An administrative board, such as Chief Justice Sloan recommended in 1945, may preserve the judicial safeguard, but it lacks the political safeguard. Yet it leaves forest policy open to as much covert political pressure as any other system.

In November 1957 the provincial government appointed Mr. Gordon Sloan as its forestry adviser at a princely salary of \$50,000 per year. He resigned from the bench in order to accept the new post. He is to have continuing powers to make investigations under the Inquiries Act, and he carries over with him from his previous position as Chief Justice some of that office's aura of impartiality and probity. He is to advise the government on granting forest management licences, or, as they are now called, tree farm licences. But the government itself still retains the responsibility for awarding licences or withholding them, and this, I submit, is sound in principle. What is unsound in practice is the granting of privileges and concessions by a Cabinet which lacks adequate information about the resources it is granting and lacks sufficient expert civil service personnel to appraise these resources and plan and supervise their use. This is the unfortunate situation in British Columbia brought sharply into focus not only in the forest industry but also in the development of hydro-electric power and other resources in the Rocky Mountain Trench, the area coveted and probably soon to be devoured by Wenner-Gren.

Mr. Gibson's main purpose is to urge the policy of opening up Crown timber lands as "public working circles" in which small loggers can bid competitively for cutting rights instead of the present policy of granting the big companies licences to use large tracts in perpetuity. The merits of these competing policies need not detain us: whichever is used, someone has to exercise discretion to determine who, in the public interest, should be allowed to utilise a particular piece of timber land, whether the piece is big or small. No one can do this better than a Minister of the Crown answerable to his Cabinet colleagues, to the legislature, and, if he accepts bribes, answerable to the courts. The first essential is to elect a party whose leaders are honest. The Sommers case should sharpen the electorate's awareness of this need. The results of the Trail by-election of December 15th which Social Credit won show that the electorate is complacent on this score.

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Redrawing the Map of Africa

L. Gray Cowan

► ON OCTOBER SECOND a new name, Guinea, was added to the list of independent states of Africa. The fifth state to be born from formerly dependent territories in Africa within the last five years, Guinea came into being through her rejection of any integral connection to the Fifth French Republic. The resounding "No" voiced by the voters of Guinea severed the territory's formal connection to the French Community and left the leader of Guinea's government, Sékou Touré, to work out the new country's fortune as best he could.

One direction of Guinean policy was clearly revealed little more than six weeks later, when, after a visit by M. Touré to Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana it was announced on November 23rd by the two leaders that they intended to "link the two states in a confederacy," which it was expected would "constitute the nucleus of a union of West African states". The official statement released to the press gave only the barest indications of the form the new union was to take. It was indicated that there would be a common flag and that a constitution for the confederacy would be worked out as rapidly as possible. In particular it was stressed that close contacts were to be established, "to harmonize the policies of the two states, especially in the fields of defense, and foreign and economic affairs." As an earnest of its goodwill, Ghana was to make a loan of £10,000,000 to Guinea, "to afford such technical and administrative aid as may be necessary." The terms of the union were to be ratified by the parliaments of the two countries, but, considering the control exercised over their respective legislatures by the two leaders, it is hardly to be anticipated that this will prove to be a serious stumbling block.

The sudden announcement of the Union obviously came as a complete surprise to the British and French governments, and neither was prepared to advance answers to the multitude of questions raised by the African governments' action. The future attitude of Ghana and Guinea toward the former mother countries was scarcely clarified by the declaration, in the announcement of Union, that it was in no way intended "to prejudice the present and future relations of Ghana and the Commonwealth or Guinea and the French Community." Officials in London and Paris were clearly puzzled; it was difficult to see how the new unified state could be a member of both the Commonwealth and the Community at the same time but it seemed apparent that the two leaders did not foresee a total break with either Britain or France.

After a lapse of three weeks it has become possible to see in somewhat greater detail the outline of the new pattern of relationships that is to be worked out, but even yet there remains a host of unsolved problems. Ambassador Diallo of Guinea, in New York to negotiate the entry of his country into the United Nations, was able to throw some light on a few of these questions. In his public statements he implied that the American and European press took the announcement of the confederacy too literally and perhaps too narrowly. He stressed the fact that neither partner expects to lose its individuality as a result of union; both will continue as independent states, entirely autonomous in their internal affairs. On matters of foreign policy, defense, and on economic development there will be close cooperation and a working out of common policies. Little or no emphasis appears to have been laid on the organs of government for

the confederation; rather it has been on a closer relationship between the two essentially independent units.

From the outsider's point of view it would seem that this is the most practical interpretation that can be given to the meaning of the confederation. For a variety of reasons a more complete form of union would be extremely difficult to arrange, at least at the present time. The two countries are separated geographically by some 350 miles. Between them in the interior lies the Ivory Coast (which voted "Yes" to association with the French Community as strongly as Guinea voted "No") and on the coast lie Sierra Leone and Liberia. Communication by land is at best difficult and, during the rainy season, almost impossible. There is no language, African or European, common to both countries; the two leaders were forced to converse through interpreters at their recent meeting. The internal administrative and judicial structures of the two countries are based on those of Britain and France and to work out a common framework would be an extremely complex process.

In the economic sphere cooperation between Guinea and Ghana will be limited in the foreseeable future by the dependence of both parties on the European market for their products and by the fact that their currencies are based on the franc bloc and on the sterling bloc. The government of Guinea has recently announced that it does not contemplate leaving the franc zone, and it is to be assumed that Ghana will remain in the sterling area. Both countries are actively seeking foreign capital for development; in hydro-electric power projects they are in competition for funds to build dams to produce electricity for the making of aluminum. Prior to independence plans were well advanced for the \$275,000,000 dam at Konkouré in Guinea, permitting the refining of bauxite within the country. Ghana has had the Volta River project, designed primarily for the same purpose, in the planning stage for some years past. Although the economy of Guinea is somewhat more diversified than that of Ghana, there appears to be little room for the growth of complementary products that would strengthen internal trade within the confederation.

In view of the manifold problems confronting the new union, announcement of it at the present time has given rise to speculation regarding its significance for the future political development of West Africa. It seems clear that it represents a reaction by the Guinean leaders against the failure of France immediately to grant formal recognition to the new state and against French reluctance to sponsor Guinea for United Nations membership. In urging his people to vote "No" in the referendum Sékou Touré by no means intended to sever all connection to France. Rather he hoped to be able to work out a satisfactory tie for his country resembling that of a Commonwealth country to Britain, but which would at the same time clearly recognize the internal and external independence of Guinea. He is said to have been bitterly disappointed by the French delay in recognition and was determined to demonstrate that Guinea could pursue an independent policy. It should be added that he was apparently successful in impressing the French government since hard upon the heels of the announcement of confederation with Ghana, a French economic mission appeared in Conakry to discuss the terms upon which Guinea would remain within the franc zone.

But whatever the future relationship of Guinea to France may be the ultimate impact of the confederation on West Africa will be of crucial importance. For the first time the world is beginning to see the possibility of changes in the map of Africa with which European powers will have nothing to do. The vision of a United States of Africa is by no means completely without foundation. From the viewpoint of

Ghana it might have been preferable had there been a majority of "No" voters in Niger territory directly to the North (there was in fact a substantial minority against ratification here) since this would have made, geographically at least, a more rational union than with Guinea. But the way is always open to the territories of French West Africa who have already voted to stay within the French Community to change their minds. They may well decide to join the Guinea-Ghanaian Confederation, particularly if it appears that the Confederation will receive external aid, both from Europe and from America. There are many obstacles in the way of union between the present states of West Africa but they can be overcome, just as the obstacles of language, culture, and economic development were overcome between Upper and Lower Canada a century ago. It is not inconceivable that in the next two decades the map of West Africa will be redrawn by Africans themselves to eliminate the essentially artificial boundaries created by nineteenth century colonialism. The Guinea-Ghana Confederation is a first step along this road.

The Old Swimming Hole

James Hines

► "I JUST KNOW they're not coming," Homer, my brother, said, as he glanced wistfully up the steep hillside, green with neck-high corn, in the direction from which they would come. At the end of the corn row, he leaned his hoe against the rail fence, whipped off his straw hat and began fanning his sweat-streaked face.

"But they'll come," I said encouragingly. "I know Lester and Wavie too dog-gone well. They'll git here just about the time they think we've got this corn all chopped clean." Squinting my eyes to shut out the glare of the hot July sun, I, too, glanced in the direction from which I hoped to see, at any moment, their heads pop above the corn.

"We'll not git to go anyway," Homer said, as a down-hearted look flooded his usually pleasant face. "It'll be slap-dab dark before we git home."

"If they git here anyways soon and pitch in and help, we'll take eight rows of corn a round instead of four; and we'll soon git it finished!"

"I think we're entitled to a swim," Homer said. "We've worked hard enough." He paused, then added, "And I'm just covered in dirt."

I thought so, too, since we had been in the field eleven hours every day, sometimes more, since Monday before daybreak, and it was now Saturday afternoon.

We had thirty acres of corn on the steep hillsides we had cleared the winter before and in the little branch bottoms at the foot of the hillsides. The hillsides were so grown up in bushes of every size and shape that it was almost impossible to tell where the rows of corn were located. The bushes, well over our heads, were as thick as hair on a dog's back. Of course we weren't very tall. I was ten and Homer, a year and ten months younger than me, was eight. There were not many bushes in the little branch bottoms because they had been cleared up for several years. But they were covered with cockleburs and crab grass, and morning glories wrapped and entwined themselves by the hundreds around and up the corn-stalks. And we practically had to scrape the entire bottoms free of vegetation with gooseneck hoes. Around the corn we couldn't use a hoe; we were afraid that we would cut

a stalk of corn. So we had to bend over and pull the vegetation out by the roots with our fingers. After a few hours of this my back felt as if it was splitting down the center. Always, when we rested over in the shade of the woods at the edge of the cornfield, we lay flat on our backs.

Lester and Wavie, cousins to one another, were our nearest neighbors. They were due that afternoon to go down the creek swimming with us. Both boys, who were approximately my and Homer's age, worked only when the notion struck them, unlike my brother and me, who had a younger sister to help support and a heavy farm mortgage to help pay off. We had to hit it six days a week, whether or not we wanted to. Once I worked so hard that I could work no more, and I took enough salt to make me sick — sick enough to vomit, since that was the only way I could prove to Dad that I was sick. Dad, who always had been healthy and strong, could not sympathize with anyone who was sick. Lester's grandmother, whom he lived with, drew the old age pension, and Wavie lived with his father, who drew the World War I veterans' pension.

They had been to see us twice that week, wanting us to go swimming, but Dad had shaken his head and said:

"Git your work finished, boys, and then you can hit the swimmin' hole. But right now this corn is just a-growin' up. You'll have lots of time for swimmin' when the corn's laid by."

Both Lester and Wavie, when we had last seen them, on Wednesday morning, had promised to come back Saturday afternoon and then we would all go swimming. We had thought by working long hours all week that we would have the corn chopped clean by Saturday at noon, but here it was after one o'clock and still we had nineteen rows to go — nineteen hard rows of bushes in a new-ground cornfield, too. There was no doubt that Lester and Wavie had been swimming many times during the week. But they would always come and go with us, as we could have so much more fun by us all being together. We could do all sorts of foolhardy stunts. Three of us would gang the other and duck him, holding his head under the water until we figured he could take it no longer. Luckily always, the ducked one would come up spitting and sputtering and gasping for breath, blindly clawing the air with his hands. Then sometimes we would get out on the bank and get back and make a run and dive headfirst into holes of water not over four feet deep. It's a wonder we didn't break our necks or injure our spines or get drowned by some of those water fights we had.

Dad had gone in the field with us Monday morning, plowing the corn with a double-shovel plow, or the parts of it which could be plowed. Some of the hillsides were so steep that he could not plow them and we had to hoe out the corn and that took us much longer and kept us from the swimming hole. If Dad had been a "cussing" man he sure would have cursed there. Because one minute Jack, our mule, would be down and the next minute Dad's feet would slide out from under him, and down he would go. Sometimes Dad, Jack, and the plow would be three or four rows down the hillside from where he was supposed to be plowing. My brother and I would nearly kill ourselves laughing, and Dad, so angry his face had turned white over the heavy sunburn, would say:

"Now laugh and git it all over your face," or "that's awful dadburned funny, ain't it?"

It was funny to us. I would have laughed in spite of everything. I might add that that fall, while gathering corn, the wagon turned over on one of these hillsides, but a tree that we had deadened and left standing when we

cleared the ground caught the wagon, just in time, too, to keep it from turning over and over down the hill and twisting the mules up in their harness and perhaps killing one or both of them. And about two years later on these same steep hillsides, one of our prize White Face steers fell and broke his neck. We sowed those hillsides in grass and never attempted to ever put them in corn again, although the soil is very rich.

* * * * *

"I'm a-going to rest, if we never git this corn chopped out," I said, as I came to the end of my corn-row, where my brother stood, fanning his face with his hat.

"I'm starving for a drink," my brother said, and we pitched down our hoes and raced down the hill and over into the woods to the spring, which had an everlasting vein of water, never being known to go dry. The vein was located between a crack in two rocks that sloped out, jutting and moss-covered, from the steep hillside. My brother and I had stuck a hollow iron pipe in the crack and now the water ran through the pipe, spurting out about a foot. When we wanted a drink, we would kneel down and put our mouth over the end of the pipe and drink our fill. After working a couple of hours in the blistering hot sun, that cool water really was something!

We lay on our backs in the leaves in the woods and rested. After some time, I said, "Well, we'd better git back to work." And we jumped to our feet and went to the spring and drank for the third time since we had been resting and then walked back up the hillside to the cornfield. The rows of green corn looked like a colored picture in some great painting. There sure was a contrast in the corn which we had chopped clean and the rows which were still full of bushes and vegetation.

We had no more than chopped halfway down a corn-row, when the pleasant afternoon stillness was broken by a loud-voiced "Ya-ho!" to be followed by several ear-piercing screams. I looked up and saw Wavie and Lester topping the rise.

"How much do you like being done?" Lester said, as he ran down the hill to us.

"Just these few rows," I said, which was a lot more than it looked, once you got to chopping it out.

"You all ready to go?" Wavie said, running up.

"You help us chop out these few rows and we'll be ready to hit the swimmin' hole," I said.

Both of them stopped deadstill. They turned and looked at one another.

"Tricked us, by golly," Lester said, raking his toes in the loose dirt. "You said you'd be ready to go Saturday afternoon!" Lester hated work worse than a cat hates a rainy day. I'd heard his grandmother say many a time that he "beat all;" that he could find more ways to get out of work than "a body ever seed."

"We thought we would be," I said, answering his question. "But we just couldn't make it. If you'll be right smart and pitch in and help us, we'll be through in no time at all."

"We, ah, don't have any hoes," Lester said, a grin spreading over his freckled face. "So we'll just wait over there in the shade for you to finish up." He started to leave.

"Wait a minute," I said. "We have extra hoes."

"Yep, there's a couple laying up there at the edge of the cornfield," Homer said.

And Lester's grin disappeared as quickly as if someone had slapped him in the mouth.

At dinner when we had come back to the field from the house we had brought along a couple of hoes, just for the purpose of getting Lester and Wavie to help us.

"You surely can help us cut out this little patch," I said. "It won't take long." Then I added under my breath "Not very long."

"Well, I reckon we can help you a little," Wavie said, but Lester looked doubtful. And before he could think up an excuse to get out of helping us, I walked up the hillside and got the two hoes. Then we all pitched in and worked without resting until we had the remaining rows of corn chopped out as clean as a whistle.

I looked down the hillsides, then down in the little branch bottoms, and a feeling of pride, of achievement, swept over me. There was not a bush in sight; all the vegetation had been cut. Certainly they were a lot different from what they had been last Monday morning when we had come into the field before sunup.

We threw down our hoes at the end of the last row. Dad would not have liked that, but we were in a big hurry and Dad was plowing corn up near the house and would never know the difference, since we would get the hoes and take them to the house as we came back from the swimming hole.

Everyone was wringing wet with sweat except me. I never was a person to sweat, no matter how hot I got nor how hard I worked. But I was not half as tired as I was when I had come back to the field after dinner.

It was about two hours after noon, the sun was at its peak, and just the right time to hit the swimming hole. Even the dirt was so hot it burned the bottom of my feet, as tough as they were.

Walking fast and half-running, it didn't take us long to cover the mile down Skelton Creek to our favorite swimming hole—a hole that always stood as much as four feet deep in water and which was surrounded by birch and willow. Even in a drought, when the rest of the creek dried up, water stayed in this hole, having perhaps a vein which ran into it. Sometimes we would take a hoe and shovel and dam the hole with sand and rock, but then a big rain would come and wash out the dam. When we got there, the water in the hole was crystal clear and we could see sun perch swimming around. Homer threw a rock at a water moccasin whose head was floating on the water-surface over under the shade of the willows. But we did not worry about snakes, since they would get out of the water when it became muddy.

By the time we got to the swimming hole, we had our shirts off. We soon dropped our galluses and stepped out of our overalls. Much of the time during the summer we only wore overalls.

"Last one in is a tar baby!" yelled Lester, and hit the hole with a loud splash, making sure that he was not going to be the last one in. Always, each one tried to be first in hitting the hole of water.

Sometimes while in swimming, we would noodle up and down the creek for fish. Once while noodling, Lester pulled out a big water moccasin, threw it upon the bank, and said: "Git outa the way, dang it. We ain't got no time for you!"

It's a thousand wonders that some of us didn't get snake bit, but none of us ever did, so far as I know. Some people claim that a snake can't bite under water, but I know different. Once when damming up the swimming hole, we saw a water moccasin lying on the bottom of the hole, in about a foot of clear water. Wavie set his hoe on its head. It opened its mouth and tried to bite the hoe. But I have never found out whether or not a snake can strike under water. Of course, none of the snakes was poison except the copperhead, but there were plenty of them — big rusty ones — laying around the water holes in the creek during the summertime.

We would noodle in the holes back in the banks, under the rocks, and in the hollow logs lying in the water. Sometimes the fish would hold themselves back in the holes some way and we could not pull them out.

I remember my first experience noodling. Wavie ran his hand back inside a hollow log in the bottom of the hole and got hold of a fish. He ran his fingers through its gills and out his mouth and pulled him out. It was a mud cat. "Hand 'im to me!" I said. "Let me have 'im!"

And Wavie handed the fish to me and I clamped both hands on it, not knowing anything then about how to hold a fish. But it didn't take two seconds for that fish to get back into the water. He slashed the palm of my hand open with one of his fins, leaving a scar after the wound healed that I will carry to my grave.

A Line Drawing for Lovers

O spring, when earth must yield us to each other,
Spawned up in the sun to find the friend or brother,
If time were turning back to peasant,
The heart, concealed, would find it more than pleasant.

Winter drew us like a shape of fear
That no one saw or knew we carried.
The thrust of everyone we met was parried;
We felt ourselves drawn only in charcoal,
More skillfully to fight, unfleshed, austere.
None could reach within that hidden line,
Pierce, tear out the vitals of a heart or soul—
Yet what we feared the most was general wan design.

He who loves the field and haycock scene
Loves not itself alone but what it meant to mean:
Time and nature in imbroglia, the choice
Not yet singled to a common private voice,
The rustic with his codpiece open, the fecund maid,
Not yet quaint nor wary nor overstayed.

Charles Edward Eaton.

Sea Trauma

In so much blue there is a loss of blue,
A hope cast down as if abysses made
A staircase in the sand look up at you,
A ravaged saw of steps, a broken blade.
There is a sense of gullet and old bone,
A shade of yearning flesh beneath the ground;
You break desire in wafers to atone
Not having sluiced or slaked the wound you found.

Love, then, becomes a feeding of the sea—
The mammoth ghost will break the blue once more,
Look far about to dine more sumptuously,
Await the offering from the opulent shore,
And watch you feign a land of hunger, drouth,
Because he drank the sea into his mouth.

Charles Edward Eaton.

Evolution

Out of swift fishes
On bellies slow slithering
Wriggling, crawling,
Cross sharp stones and swamp;
Climbing and clutching
Thick brown bark,
Reached for a branch
And swung into manhood.

Michael John Nimchuk

The Dance

While, if time indeed must move
In such little starts and turns,
Icing yesterday what burns,
I have such a nimble love
That it starts and turns as time,
I choose a wilderness, and dream;

I seek, no matter that you twist
Away from me, or flaunt your strength,
Your beauty, always. Pacing length
And breadth this room, I learn at last
To choose to grieve; or if not grieve,
To be worse wounded by your love;

While, if you indeed return
Each night for your little sport
To take like a heart-wounded hart
My simple love, I have not seen
Your gentle beauty fail, can I
Dream of you in another way?

Can there not, one night you've rid
My dark of rest, blotted my dreams
(God save me from that wood!) two times
Be one; another, as I did,
Burn? Go now, be his distress,
Let his dream be what mine was.

Give him that dream and set me free.
Then I shall think how you did once
A languorous and gentle dance
As the dark grew towards the tree:
How he shall find, in his heart's waste,
Time's frozen branches, and no rest.

Errol Pritchard.

Through A Spectrum

Science says the colour is reflection,
I admire the tulip's quiet perfection;
The spectrum educates my mind
And air, diaphanous, permits
A light the sun transmits
To pierce my eye and then behind
To print with violent coloured ink
Its message, thrust between my guarded blink.

O transient vision, do not cease
To strike, to hurt, disturb my peace
And tell, in kaleidoscopic pain,
Of all the mirrored molecules
That Life instructs as cosmic tools
To paint the wind and colour rain,
Apollo to pour down his light
And Ra to penetrate my sight.

Pigments primitive and undilute
Impinge my senses to refute
The artists claim. His colours lack
A life, a truth that nature's red
Proves pure and makes the other dead.
Nothing real is ever really black;
The old crow's back glows green and blue
And even ebony lets purple through.

James Cass

De Libris

Three girders jut into the cold, blue sky;
A questioning cranehook swings upon its cable;
Clean white stone the unifying tie
Of differing creeds and fragmentary Babel.

The trellised framework of the arch-hung bridge
Repeats the fragile fretwork of the trees;
White gulls soar in placid pilgrimage
As birds once flew above the Ptolemies
While they amassed the knowledge of their age
Culled from distant Greek academies.

In Alexandria, by the Nile,
On seven hundred thousand rolls
Of papyrus, they gathered there
Aristotle, Archimedes, Plato,
Sophocles and Solon, Sappho,
Theocritus and Socrates.
For all this hoard, Diogenes
Searched vainly for his one wise man;
Did he later wake to see the grace
That, brighter than his lantern, lit the Hebraic face?

Now modern genius adds its haul
And fills to ceiling, wall to wall,
Carnegie and the Taj Mahal,
The Louvre and the Vatican.
And we must build a temple soon
To hold the data of the moon.

These girders, this clean white stone,
Walls and roofbeams yet ungrown,
Will channel tides of questioning men —
Sand that breeds the blood-priced gem.
O, if this shell should gender one of these,
Return, white birds, and wake Diogenes!

Evelyn J. Broy

Tree of Yellow

Earth mother of all color
And father of its growing
Let my mind become the lover
Of your first born purity.

I see an agony of yellow
Born of soft green thighs
And all the other loves I know
Will be her sacrifice.

The early sun a dripping blood
From bursting yellow wound
Knives out passion from the sinful wood
And scatters infamy.

Conceived within brown earth
And fed the cool green milk
There is no other perfect birth
In all eternity.

You virgin pure and clear
Ice decisive color life
Tear my knowledge as a spear
Thrust in yellow day

And I among your fallen kisses lay.

James Cass.

S.O.S.

"Polite but firm" the papers said
Of Mr. B., Department Head,
Assuring us a competence
Unyielding though without offense.

"Alert, aggressive" Mr. J.
Has taken over Section A,
And hence we know this lagging group
Will jump (but proudly) through the hoop.

That gem of soldiers, man of men,
"Tough, untiring" General N,
Has taken ("Fightin'") Bill's command —
Relief is felt throughout the land.

Old P., a statesman, elder, able —
"Wise and genial" reads the label —
Stirred the grads of East Magoo
With, "Here — we hand the reins to you!"

Branded, recognized, secure,
Ninety-nine and nine-tenths pure,
These sail on though hell arise —
"Polite," "aggressive," "tough," and "wise."

Anonymous, uncertified,
I sail by stars that shift and hide,
On seas indifferent if not calloused,
Without an adjective for ballast.

Leslie Mellichamp

News of an Old Affair

I have heard today that my old love is living here;
The news was no trumpet blast in my heart's ear,
But I must admit there were stirrings
In atrophied parts, tenuous turnings in neurons
That had half-forgotten a primeval consecration of self,
And disbelief in my middle-aged cells
Which now can hardly credit the affair.

I have heard today that my old love is living here;
I hope there is no graceless accidental meeting
At the corner of Bay and Bloor;
Time has been busy since that farewell
Adding fat and philosophy,
And there is the sag of two sons at my breast,
And besides, I hate it when there is nothing left to say
And people go on talking.

I have heard today that my old love is living here;
Caught in the bloodletting torture of the city,
Dying even now of ulcers and smog and the Selye Stress
Syndrome
Milched master of another suburban nail
In the coffin of Frank Lloyd Wright,
Cultural conformist,
And perfect provider of middle-class statistics
For Crestwood Heights.

It amuses me to think of this,
Because once we were proud and naked giants,
Who laughed at the witless world
As it shook in its chains when we passed.

And Lo! The Lilliputians have bound us.

Joan Finnegan

Prospectus

There is a time to live and a time to die.
The mining magnate died on the holiday,
Markets closed and margin gone, to lie
Immaculate, chilled and plumped, until Tuesday.

An indefatigable dropper of names,
He knew well how the other — and richer — half lives.
The right people came from Bay Street and St. James,
Or at least sent flowers and representatives.

Gushing pure unction, the right kind of clergyman
Mentioned his name favourably for Grace
And, compromising God, commissioned him
To one of the higher echelons of Space.

Encased in rosewood and bronze, he denied the earth
The ninety-nine cents of minerals he was worth.

Fred Swayze

The Benizon

Under the convent walls, the sisters
Circle the paths of Mount Saint Joseph
Blessed by their benign saint, Made in Rome
Shipped via Montreal.

Hollers of school children tossed up
Crash among soft sibilants of prayer
Slipping between the crevices to bless
Young lovers under apple trees beyond.

Comes the vicar — his crisp step
Startles the garden, calls to confession —
Gently teases the gentle Mother
Departs to read box scores and Saturday Evening Post
Before cathedral vespers.

On winter afternoons the sisters
Circle the convent pond. Great black swallows
Skimming across its whiteness, a touch of Bruegel
Sent to redeem suburbia
Engulfing, repetitious, studded with aerials.

Hilda Kirkwood.

The Old Erie Near Canastota

Slow and green; reeded, scummed and dead,
Barely a current, or a fish;
The bed, locked in a limestone bank,
Awaits the summer dragon.

The orange sun skins the water.
A splash disperses pain.
The carp and beetle mate,
And use is still alive.

Unused water, bread scum thick,
The backwash holds a frog, a snake.
The king bird skims for seed,
The dragon comes alive.

In sun and tinted ice, the bending cat-tail
Flags the bank, no hoof
Or wood hulk draws the water up,
No lantern flickering red, against a hill or house.

The trees dig in; the fat carp lives forever.
Moss and swarded green dig thick
On the recent saucer bank. More life, more real,
Natural in the hook.

J. Crowley

To Some Friends

In the old days how we all taked together
Of building a new language, every word
Fresh-minted, untouched by the elders. Poetry,
Some argued, should be pure and meaningless,
With words like colours on an abstract canvas,
Making a pattern pleasing but remote.
Others thought poems should be like the posters
We saw in war time, vigorous and swift,
Carrying their message plain upon their front,
"Do this, do that, vote in the prescribed way,
Be wary or the Enemy will get you."
Some thought that poems should be strange and subtle,
With seven or seventy ambiguities,
Image piled upon image to express
Meanings dream-deep and devious. Some preferred
Words clear and hard as icicles or mirrors
Reflecting — What?

And so we argued, agreeing only on
The vast importance of the argument.

Now some who were most eager in dispute
No longer strive; and I, who was perhaps
Less of your company than the others were,
Being given to writing casually and as I pleased,
Can find no theory how or what to write,
Merely reflect my small and personal world,
A second-hand vision or a passing love,
Yet must maintain, though intermittently,
The worth of the argument, my deep concern.

Elizabeth Brewster

Film Review

►RAVE REVIEWS have preceded *The Defiant Ones* and *The Goddess*. Though both films are worth seeing, they will be a disappointment to those expecting the sort of social consciousness for which they have been praised. However they do try to look straight at life, and not through the usual shocking pink glasses of Hollywood.

Most finished and least satisfactory is *The Defiant Ones*, Stanley Kramer's latest opus starring Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier. Heralded as a pronouncement on racial tolerance, it is instead an evasion, a chase film using the device of handcuffing a negro and a white convict together. The ensuing strain, fight and reconciliation is predictable. Race is an aside; the only firm impression left by the film is why these men are criminals — an accomplishment in itself. Dramatically the story is unsatisfactory, the link between hunters and hunted never resolved.

The black-and-white photography is excellent, its composition effective; there are rich textural effects such as rain beating on old bricks; Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier cannot be faulted on their performances. But the film lacks conviction and the writers must bear a good deal of the blame. In one way they are to be commended for they have written something seldom heard — racy, ripe, and allusive dialogue for the criminals to fling at one another. It has the ring of prison argot mixed with a rural and proletarian flavour.

The script errs as only a radio script should, — the clue to each character is declared verbally (for instance a policeman says to the sheriff, "You're a humanitarian"), and every character is neatly tagged by others or by himself. This is a weakness so chronic in movies lately that one

wonders if Hollywood writers are really slipping or whether this has not become a feature of our society, now taken for granted. One thinks of the numerous social occasions where manners require each guest to state his work, geographical origins, marital or parental status as a preface to any conversation, if any. In this manner, Hollywood characters now come on screen and offer a thumbnail digest of their lives and problems by way of preliminary. This self-conscious speechifying is tiresome and in *The Defiant Ones* leads to the statement of every motive. It's just too much when the "good" sheriff admonishes an overly-eager member of his posse who has shot lots of rabbits that — pause, "... men and rabbits are not the same thing".

The Goddess has more depth and substance, and a conscience, though it has been obscured under layers of psychological observation. The story follows the career of a neurotic girl from an impoverished childhood in Tennessee to fame and the diseases of Hollywood. It is penetrating, sound, and even very moving. But Paddy Chayevsky's script belongs in the same school as *The Defiant Ones*, an expanded television play. Every character recounts the details of his life, this time with a literary diffusiveness quite out of keeping with the situation. Since Chayevsky's intentions are rich and heroic, it seems mean to quibble that his script is cluttered and not so finished as it should be. There are recognizable references to the lives of many stars, and a firm look at the film industry's big-league flesh-peddling that no one other than Louella Parsons has ever been naive enough to deny.

The most unsettling feature of the picture is the appearance of Kim Stanley, who is completely unphotogenic. Makeup and costume almost create an illusion at times but nothing can quite overcome her unhandsomeness in the adolescent passages at the beginning of the film. This is where the audience should identify and it is merely perplexed. Not that symmetrical beauty is required, but there must be some attractive feature to overcome any irregularity, an oddness that can be made interesting. The girl who claws her way to the top as a glamour queen is frequently the one most profoundly convinced of her unattractiveness. This is the goddess of this film, a rejected unloved child who dreams of Hollywood stardom where millions will love and admire her. Never having experienced love, she is incapable of loving and grows ever more frigid and promiscuous. Alcohol and drugs cannot fill the void, which black despair and selfhated make an ever-deepening abyss. Miss Stanley's acting is equal to all this, she never pushes too hard for effect.

The loneliness of modern life is the implicit theme of this film. A frame for Chayevsky's previous scripts, it is more successfully integrated here. He pictures a society paying lip service to romantic love, yet without a cultural means of cultivating love. For taking is the common denominator of behaviour, not giving, — a point noted in *The Defiant Ones* as well where the horror of having to say "thank you" is dwelled upon because the phrase has derogatory menial associations: people without money have to say "thank you" to people who have it. This complete lack of a concept of courtesy is indicative, for courtesy requires self-confidence, which in turn requires self-respect, out of which comes respect for others — and ultimately a concept of love. Failing love, the loveless fasten on their dreams. The adolescent girl dreams of being an adored star, the criminal of being "Charlie Potatoes", the guy with the bankroll who can buy "thank you" and Saturday night girls. The end for a sensitive individual is despair, suicide, madness, — like Arthur Miller's Willy Loman.

Neither of these films is a throwback (thank goodness) to the sort of didactic earnest films on contemporary subjects

made after the war. The industry has matured sufficiently to have a sense of humour and perspective. What the two films have in common is new, and yet goes back further to a beginning in the twenties and thirties when films like *Public Enemy* and *Little Caesar* were made. This is a sociological expository approach. Take a social phenomenon like a movie star or a criminal and lay out their lives for examination. A rejected girl of common origins and the price she pays for success, the son of a hobo with no opportunity other than to be a grease monkey, a Negro tenant farmer evicted from his poor farm. The ghost of economic determinism rises again in these films, particularly *Kramer's Defiant Ones*. Its sociological observation and detail are very sketchy, while that of *The Goddess* almost obscures its intentions. The nightclub taste of Hollywood living quarters or the opening sequences of petit bourgeois milieu in a poor southern town, circa 1930, amply suggest the tastes, aspirations, home life, and culture of the place. This is embellished by an outstanding performance by Betty Lou Holland as the girl's mother, a very unattractive, pathetic character. So much is suggested in the mere setting of these scenes that Chayevsky can build upon it and depict the kind of fundamental religion that comes out of it. The scenes of religious conversion and the consequent rejection of God are very courageous and brought groans from the audience, — of scorn, discomfort, and disbelief. Yet at the end, there was a spattering of applause, a rare event in a movie theatre. For despite its fussy surface and verbose dialogue, *The Goddess* achieves tragic stature and cuts very close to the quick.

JOAN FOX

Correspondence

The Editors:

Professor Frank Underhill's point, made in his review of Barber's *Good Fences Make Good Neighbors* (December, 1958), that far too many Canadian-American Conferences end up with Canadians talking to other Canadians, of course has some truth. Nevertheless, it is by no means invariably so. Our Canadian-American Seminar series here at Michigan State University, now in its third year, has averaged forty percent Americans and sixty percent Canadians (including Professor Underhill), a percentage perhaps justified by the inclusion in the series of two full-dress discussions of Canadian literature. This year, for example, we intend to consider three topics: "The St. Lawrence Seaway and the Future," "Congress and Parliament — Can They Cooperate?" and "Canadian and American University Education — Ends and Means." Invitations have been issued to six Canadians and five Americans to participate in these discussions. I know of many Americans who would be more than happy to attend any similar conferences held in Canada.

Yours,

Russel B. Nye

Michigan State University

Books Reviewed

Public Affairs

THE SERPENT AND THE TORTOISE: Edgar Faure; Macmillan; pp. 224; \$4.00.

THE NEW FACE OF CHINA: Peter Schmid; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 167; \$4.25.

M. Edgar Faure's "The Serpent and the Tortoise" stands head and shoulders above most of the recent books written by visitors to Communist China for being unconcerned to

praise or blame, and for being an intelligent attempt to arrive at a rational understanding of what is happening in that country. As M. Faure observes "the peculiar logic of Chinese communism has no relation to western logic". Communism apart, the Chinese live in a world of the mind of their own creation and tradition, a world in which Plato and Descartes have played no part (which leads some western observers to imagine that it is therefore devoid of logic) but which, in the Chinese view at least, has an epistemology and logic sufficient to itself. Since the Chinese are numerous enough, and by now, powerful enough to insist on the sufficiency of their own "logic", this is one of the facts of life with which we in the West must come to terms.

M. Faure is, of course, a statesman of stature (he has been Premier of France) and a politician brought up in the exacting school of the modern French Republic. He has an acute eye, as an observer, for political essentials. The thought uppermost in his mind before he left for China was that the Chinese might have made of Marxism a design, or even perhaps just a promise of a third way between dictatorship and democracy, between economic liberalism and absolute socialism. But the thought (or perhaps the hope?) proved unfounded. Chinese communism, he found, is, it is true, to be sharply distinguished from the communism of the Soviet Union, but only in methods, stages and institutions, and not by aims and doctrines. The Chinese, he finds, are in fact "communising the bourgeois", they are not "bourgeoisising communism".

Chinese communism has that curious constituent, so perplexing to "western logic," an officially recognised and encouraged opposition. It also indulges in campaigns with exotic names seemingly inimical to it, such as the Hundred Flowers movement. Most western observers have seen in these either cynical devices to root out and expose the opposition, or unwilling concessions to oppositional forces beyond the powers of the communists to control. M. Faure, with his politician's instinctive "feel" for the strength of a political opposition, comes to the conclusion that they are neither. These are peculiarly Chinese devices within the framework of Communism for redeeming rather than for damning, for exploiting rather than for eliminating, and ultimately for the recovering for communism of the bourgeois. It is by such devices, skillfully manipulated, that the Chinese communists are winning over to themselves the cooperation of the forces most suspect of being hostile to them. It is this positive view of the "opposition" and its success, rather than the negative interpretation of it which raises false hopes, to which M. Faure draws our attention, and which constitutes the essence of the very real contribution to our understanding that he has made. M. Faure concludes with a plea for counteraction by the West. This, he suggests, should be the exchange of a fiction for a fact. Communist China, for ill or well, is a solid fact of mid-twentieth century life. Facts, however inimical to our peace of mind, are better faced. Nothing is to be gained by hiding behind the fiction that Communist China does not exist and that a fictitious entity "the real China" exists somewhere else.

Mr. Schmid is a Swiss newspaperman who visited China at about the same time as M. Faure. His visit seems to have occasioned him acute irritation. That this vast and impoverished nation should suddenly come to life again, and direct its energies into those enterprises which we in the West regard as fundamental to a modern standard of living, he admits is proper, but that the Communists should have done it, and in the process should enjoy overwhelming support from the people, he seems to feel is all wrong. He never precisely says this, but in his interviews (in which the Communists allowed him considerable freedom and facility) he

is constantly attempting to detect a sense of oppression or of injustice, or of dissatisfaction or revolt. Since he finds none, he imagines that the Chinese people are simulating, and that everyone he meets is participating in a colossal con- and that everyone he meets is participating in a colossal con- asks. Accordingly, he writes in a supercilious and patronising way. A monk, who assures him that the regime not only tolerates Buddhism, but has restored his temple, is described as having "an aura of unholiness" and a "piggish exterior". While the temple novices are said to "crow the litany". The Chinese police are referred to as "beasts". A lady he sought to interview on the position of women is said to have had "frog's eyes in a flat face" (even innocent Russian women shoppers in a Peking store are described as "terribly uncouth, white-skinned women, roaming the store in packs"). The Principal of a Reformatory is described as having "a face like a spider". Mr. Schmid has, on the other hand, kind words for a roguish rickshaw boy who procures clothing coupons to which he is not presumably entitled, and for a "young beautiful creature", a prostitute in a reform school who is resisting rehabilitation.

The political, social and economic aspirations of the Chinese people, no matter how misguided or misdirected we may think the means chosen to attain them may be, are hardly matters for contempt or scorn. Neither is this the time to perpetuate the appallingly patronising attitude to which civilised Asian peoples have been subject for so long by the West.

W. A. C. H. Dobson.

POLAND, ITS PEOPLE, ITS SOCIETY, ITS CULTURE:

Clifford R. Barnett in collaboration with Robert J. Feldman and others; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 471; \$2.75.

This is a very important book, perhaps the most significant among those which in the post-war period have been published on Poland in the English language. Prompted by the interest the changes that have occurred in Poland since October 1956 have evoked among western observers, the Barnett's study covers a very wide field of information on the subject, and on that account has a truly encyclopedic scope and character.

The book represents a contribution which resulted from a collective effort of several scholars. The editor was assisted by six collaborators whose names appear on the title page (R. F. Feldman, J. C. Fiske, P. Malof, F. K. Merman, O. R. Ruscher, and E. R. Tausch) and who, in their turn, took advantage of the research material collected by the Human Relations Area Files corporation, and availed themselves of comments given by other experts, among whom we notice some Polish names.

The participation of several contributors in the work under review had no deteriorating effect upon its coherence. The study has been divided into more than twenty chapters corresponding to various facets of the life of Poland, each chapter being further subdivided into smaller sections describing the situation as it presented itself before World War I, during the interwar years and as it looks like at the present time. Throughout a homogenous editorial plan is clearly visible, and the leading idea of the survey on no occasion has been blurred or side-tracked. This idea, as shown in the Preface written by the editor of the whole series (Survey of World Cultures series) Thomas Fitzsimmons, consisted in supplying the readers not merely with a collection of dates, figures and unrelated facts, but also in depicting society as it functions, and in emphasizing the relationships existing between various aspects which usually are treated separately. It must be admitted that the basic editorial concept has been, by and large, carried out successfully, although the chapters on the less measurable topics, such as the national Polish

culture, the stratification of the Polish society and the interpretation of the dominant Polish values and attitudes sound, in the authors' analysis, somehow less convincing than the information on more tangible aspects of the Polish life (e.g. the financial system of the country, the development of its trade and industry, or the administrative structure of the Polish Republic).

The encyclopedic character has been stamped on the book first of all by the immense range of information dealing as well with the history and geography of Poland as with population, national resources, language, literature, folk-arts, etc., but also by the utilization of a rich statistical material (the bulk of which has been grouped together in tables at the end of the book), the inclusion of a long representative bibliographical list and of a detailed index of names and topics. It is significant that the Barnett's study takes great care in the spelling of difficult Polish personal and place names, which contrasts strongly with most other English books on Polish subjects.

Two main features characterize the study under review as a whole. The first is the exactness of information conveyed and its up-to-dateness. The presentation of Polish affairs has been carried on almost up to the middle of 1957, what, in view of the distance separating the authors from Poland and not an easy access to the sources of information, constitutes, at such an ambitious undertaking, not a minor achievement.

Objectiveness is the second characteristic distinguishing the Barnett's study. The authors try to take a most impartial stand on all the problems dealt with, and this objective approach has been extended both to the pre-communist period of the Poland's existence and to the most recent developments under the Bierut and Gomulka régimes. While refraining from heaping abuse on the Russian masters of the Polish post-war situation and from using the book as a tool for anti-Soviet propaganda, the study under review constitutes a most devastating criticism of the disastrous conditions into which the economy of Poland was brought under the Russian domination and owing to the doctrinaire application of policies imposed by Moscow.

The fairness of the authors' approach to the subject of the survey is well demonstrated also by their attempt to elucidate the enigma of the Polish national soul and temperament and to explain, for the sake of western observers, the cultural outlook of a nation that while "captive, economically in chaos, politically in ferment" has boldly embarked on the task of preservation of its national identity. In this matter the observations of the authors are most interesting and thought-provoking. In their opinion, the weakness of the Polish state, evident already in the 17th century, can be accounted for not only by the rapacity of the powerful neighbours, but also by a certain political immaturity of the nation. The authors summarize their general impression in a conclusion stating that the dominant values and ideals cherished by Poles are in frequent contradiction with the realistic requirements of a modern and well-administered state, and considering that these attitudes of the people have been only in part conditioned by long periods of foreign domination. Although the authors avoid, as much as possible, sweeping generalizations, it seems that they consider the intense, and at times excessive individualism of the Poles as the main feature of their behaviour chiefly responsible for the vicissitudes of their national existence. On the other hand, the authors' analysis of the relationships of Poland with the Catholic Church and of the rôle of Catholicism in the Polish public and private life does not provide an explanation which can reconcile the strong Polish individualism with the traditionally subservient acceptance of the Roman-Catholic faith and of the Church's political claims.

As we already mentioned above, the attention of the authors centers mainly around events which took place in Poland in October 1956 and gave rise to a movement along a "Polish road to Socialism". The bulk of information given in the book deals with this period of relative freedom which Poles have been enjoying under the administration of Gomulka. The most recent news from Poland appears to corroborate cautious prognostications of the authors in regard to the possible development of the Polish internal situation. Taking into account the shortcomings of the Polish political and social life, the authors seem to have doubts as to the eventual success of the Gomulka's experiment which would require not only certain independence from Moscow's pressure, but also a willingness of Poles to accept the discipline and to learn that it is "sweat rather than blood which is needed in Poland today".

Poland, Its People, Its Society, Its Culture was issued as one of paper-back publications comprising a long series of "Evergreen Books". The inexpensive but carefully set up edition, printed on good paper, with a clear print and an attractive cover, will undoubtedly contribute to the success of this work which, on account of its scholarly and literary qualities, deserves an unreserved recommendation.

Victor Turek.

DURBAN: A STUDY IN RACIAL ECOLOGY: Leo Kuper, Hilstan Watts, and Ronald Davies, with an introduction by Alan Paton; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 254, \$4.50.

Professor Kuper and his collaborators have had the luck to be at the scene of a bold experiment in social relations, and the presence of mind to study what was happening. The South African government, by the Group Areas Act of 1950, decreed the residential zoning of towns and cities so as to bring about complete racial segregation. Durban has, with notable enthusiasm, undertaken to carry out the decree. This book presents a careful description of the city as it is and of the measures proposed, as a basis for analysis of the results of the experiment as they emerge through the years.

Durban, a busy port and the third largest city in South Africa, has in its population of half a million almost equal proportions of Europeans, Indians and Africans, and a small group of Coloured. The Europeans are at the top, the Africans at the bottom of the economic hierarchy; the Coloured are intermediate, and the Indians, whose presence in numbers is the unusual feature in Durban's situation, are split, some participating on the European and some on the African level. There has always been residential segregation of the various groups, with an element of compulsion behind it; the Group Areas Act simply makes the segregation more complete and the compulsion more official. It is unlikely to increase the equity of the situation, since even the measure of fairness embodied in the early reports of the Technical Sub-Committee of the Durban Council has been lost because of pressures from the population group with an effective monopoly of power, the European. The small Coloured group, which has the municipal franchise and a restricted parliamentary franchise, has also fared better than was originally intended. The authors do not conceal their belief that the use of power not merely to avoid sacrifice but to make gains has doomed the segregation policy, for, as they quote from the Minister of the Interior, "no policy which is not based on justice has any prospect of success."

While it is good to have a study based on tables and charts and maps of a subject usually treated less soberly, *Durban* is too circumscribed to be very stimulating. Kuper, Watts and Davies have interpreted racial ecology so narrowly as to tell us far less than we should like to know

about how Durban's diverse peoples live together, "what they do for and to one another that affects their survival." Our gratitude to them is mingled therefore with hopes for future studies that are more broadly conceived.

Jean Burnet

EVOLUTION BY NATURAL SELECTION: A CENTENARY COMMEMORATIVE VOLUME: Papers by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, with a foreword by Sir Gavin De Beer; Macmillan; pp 279; \$4.25.

This volume contains the first public statement of the theory of evolution explained in terms of natural selection. It was presented by Charles Darwin and Alfred Wallace in their joint publications in the "Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society" in 1858.

The importance of this theory is discussed dramatically in a foreword by Sir Gavin De Beer, one of the most prominent of present-day exponents of biological evolution. He claims that the eighteen pages which the combined statement covered are among the most significant ever published and deserve to rank among those of Isaac Newton, "since they provide for the realm of living beings the first general principle capable of universal application." He claims, too, that although modern genetics has refined some aspects of Darwin's theory, the original statement of 1858 is, in essence, generally accepted as scientifically sound.

In his essay "On The Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely From the Original Type," Wallace described the principle of variation mainly within the context of natural populations, while the same principle, together with that of natural selection, is described by Darwin within the context of a wider variety of species. Although the publications excited very little attention at the time of their appearance, Darwin was sufficiently convinced of the validity of the theory, to proceed immediately to construct the "Origin of Species," published in the following year.

The collection also contains a "Sketch," written in 1842. This is a brief abstract of Darwin's theory of variation and selection, with special emphasis upon the inheritance of instincts and mental qualities. The "Sketch" was enlarged in the "Essay" of 1844, which includes a comparison between domestic and true species classified according to natural and artificial environments.

Although the idea of evolution was not a new one, Darwin formulated his theory with sufficient documented observations to render it generally acceptable by those who were familiar with them. This book sets forth the reasoning which led Darwin to his conclusions, and forms a most suitable supplement to his later publications which give the evidence on which these conclusions were based.

Helen Hardy

THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM: William McElwee; Longmans, Green; pp. 296; \$5.75.

The title is the comment of Henry IV of France on James I of England. But, such royal quips apart, James was never the figure of scorn to his contemporaries that he became to later historians. Mr. McElwee, who teaches history at a boys' private school in England, has written a capable, smooth study of this enigmatic ruler — the most fascinating and intelligent of English kings.

English, but of course he was a Scot, and came south to his inheritance when he was nearly forty, in 1603. The paradoxes abound. Though a Scot, he was exceptionally extravagant. God's lieutenant on earth (to use his own phrase), he was a grotesque sight, his face pitted from an early attack of smallpox, legs weak and shambling from childhood rickets; a tendency to dribble, an aversion to

soap and water, and a weakness for the bottle. Ridiculously over-educated — his early lessons rival the famous education of John Stuart Mill — he knew next to nothing of the law and history of England. The best scholar ever to sit on the English throne (he even boasted that most American of academic vanities, a List of Publications), he loved hunting and was never fully at ease except on a horse. (Mr. McElwee does not mention his passion for paddling in the bloody guts of newly slaughtered stags.) A pedant, in things of importance he loathed pedantry. (When the Puritans wished to add to the Articles of Religion their propositions on Predestination he advised that "when such questions arise among scholars, the quietest proceeding were, to determine them in the universities, and not to stuff the book with all conclusions theological" — a finely common-sense remark which never gets into books about James, this one included.) A married man, with seven children, his most notorious characteristic was his passion for chosen young men, whom he fondled and kissed in public, which some people (though not many) thought was unseemly. These infatuations were more sentimental than vicious: "Christ had his John, and I have my George" — George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, "my sweet wife and child", whose picture James wore on a blue ribbon under his shirt. (James and his wife Anne, some Bishop said, "did live together as well as man and wife could do, not conversing together".) Cruel and selfish at times, he also had great generosity and compassion: "I will never allow in my conscience that the blood of any man shall be shed for diversity of opinions in religion". These paradoxes do not resolve themselves. James' subjects never found his character really comprehensible. Neither, either, do we.

In fact he was too intelligent and witty for most Englishmen; and Mr. McElwee concedes that his "most sensible and constructive ideas" — such as a real union between England and Scotland — "broke against the most unreasonable of English prejudices". The trouble was that he *would* push things back to first principles, which forced his opponents to do the same, and this helped to break apart the Tudor compromises. His shocked incomprehension of opposition was especially unfortunate: it reminds one of President Eisenhower's Press Conference remarks on the morrow of the Democratic victories last November! But at first — a fact too often forgotten — he was a nice change after Elizabeth; familiar, talkative, even-tempered. The honeymoon, unfortunately, didn't last long. But, as Mr. McElwee says, "his impact on men and events was a good deal less disastrous than that of his far more conscientious son" — Charles I.

What could be expected of a man who had passed his childhood and youth in the gangsterism of Scotland (an atmosphere not far from that of *Macbeth*); who never saw his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, after he was nine months old, and was brought up on the legend that she was a murderess and an adulteress (both charges true); who never saw his father, the drunken degenerate Darnley (murdered before he was born), and was in fact never sure whether Darnley was his father or not; who had been crowned King of Scotland when he was one year old, and tried to rule it from the age of twelve, humiliated by intriguing power groups and preached at by wild Presbyterian curates. It would need a Tennessee Williams to do justice to all this.

For all his oddities James is a sympathetic character. And he himself provided his best epitaph, in a speech to the Parliament of 1621, comparing himself to Elizabeth: "I will not say that I have governed as well as she did; but I may say that we have had as much peace in our time as in hers". It was a not ignoble claim.

H. C. Porter

Letters

THE TONGUES OF ITALY: Ernst Pulgram; Saunders; pp. vii, 465; \$10.85.

In this handsomely printed volume Professor Pulgram has set himself the ambitious task of writing the linguistic history of the Italian peninsula from the Stone Age to modern times. It is a difficult task, because for much of the period actual linguistic evidence of either the written or spoken forms of speech is completely lacking, or, as with Etruscan, exists in considerable quantity but has thus far eluded translation. Much of the history of the languages spoken and written in Italy must be inferred, then, from other kinds of evidence—burial customs, tribal movements, cultural remains, and such materials are open to a wide variety of interpretations. While the greatest opportunity for divergent views exists for the prehistoric period and the centuries preceding the emergence of Latin as the chief dialect of Italy, even in the classical period there exists broad area of disagreement among linguists about the nature of spoken Latin as distinct from the written and literary form.

Professor Pulgram devotes much the larger part of his work to the period from the Stone Age to the breakup of the Roman Empire and the development of the Romanic languages. After a number of chapters on the geography and resources of Italy, he considers the dialects of Italy today, and the ways in which, through its use by Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch, the Tuscan dialect acquired a preeminence which led to its acceptance as the standard literary tongue, in spite of political and physical obstacles, long before any political unity was achieved. Then the author turns to the earliest signs of life discovered on the peninsula, and follows the development of civilization through the Copper, Bronze and Iron ages, the arrival of speakers of Indo-European and the development of a large number of dialects which we call Italic as a result of the "gradual superimposition . . . of the same language, that is, Indo-European . . . upon a variety of earlier dialects of Italy, many of which possibly, if not surely, belonged to another linguistic family which some call Mediterranean." (p. 234). Here many questions of importance arise. Did the speakers of Indo-European arrive in great migratory movements, or by the infiltration of relatively few individuals? (Pulgram thinks the latter is true.) Were the dialects already differentiated before the infiltrators reached Italian soil or in the manner described in the quotation given above? Pulgram's answers all seem most reasonable, but I am sure that they will not all be accepted wholeheartedly by his fellow linguists. This portion of the book is almost polemical at times. The author has no patience with men who have introduced into studies of language, race and culture emotions and ideas which have no place in scholarship. "If such voyages into the unknown," he says (p. 84), "are further encouraged by a national propensity to romanticize and sublimate a people's past and to eulogize the purity and virtue of its ancestors, and if moreover such pseudo-scientific frauds are sustained for political and demagogic purposes, and rewarded by the state, the inquiries cannot but result in senseless, tumid, and turgid fustian."

The rise of Rome to political control of the peninsula led, without compulsion on the part of Roman authorities, to the supremacy of the written Latin which we know through the works of classical authors and to the growth of a variety of forms of spoken Latin through the superimposition of Latin, in Italy and elsewhere in the empire, into the dialects of the Romanic tongues.

Although Pulgram does not encumber his book with the panoply of the professional linguist-starred IE reconstructed

forms, or detailed studies of structure and vocabulary, I doubt whether his book can be called a "popular" treatment. The massive bibliography of twenty-eight pages would seem to indicate the author had the specialist in mind.

D. M. Shepherd

THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, Edited by George Watson; Macmillans; pp. 272; \$4.00.

This handy reference book will prove a useful tool for literary critics and writers. Its stated object is "to provide a concise statement of the bibliography of all periods of English literature from Caedmon to Dylan Thomas," and it is, in essence, a condensed version of the mammoth five-volume *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*.

After an introductory section listing general reference works, collections, and anthologies, the four hundred authors covered are listed alphabetically in six periods: Old English, Middle English, Renaissance to Restoration, Restoration to Romanticism, Nineteenth Century, and Early Twentieth Century. Under each author, his most important works are listed in order of publication, and followed by the most important biographies and critical studies.

E. F.

A MIXTURE OF FRAILTIES: Robertson Davies; Macmillan; pp. 379; \$3.95.

A prominent journalist appearing on CBC/TV has described *A Mixture Of Frailties* as perhaps Mr. Davies' best novel. How tentative we are! Come along old boy, let's be daring and declare that this is his best novel, for surely there is nothing about *A Mixture Of Frailties* to call for such academic caution.

Monica Gall, a humble and naive woman, member of the Heart and Hope Quartet of the Thirteenth Apostle Tabernacle of Salterton, Ontario, becomes the recipient of a bequest which provides unlimited opportunities for musical education. Removing Monica from Salterton where she is a clerk in the Glue Works to London, England, where she is befriended by an eminent conductor and landed in the midst of musical Bohemia provides Mr. Davies with unlimited opportunities for fun and for the sort of contrast in milieu which the other Salterton novels lacked.

As always in Mr. Davies' work there are many colourful characters, the women on the whole more vital than the men. Except for that poor virtuous shadow Veronica Vambrace Bridgetower (carried over with other secondary characters from *Leaven Of Malice*) they are all undoubtedly moral monsters in the wide sense of the word and I include our pleasant heroine in this cruel appraisal. Monica, sweet, obedient music pupil of great singing teachers and composers, so outwardly right and satisfactory, rejects her lover in the extremity.

Consider old Mrs. Bridgetower, a wealthy child-devouring fiend who manages to blight the lives of the younger generation even from beyond the grave. Her funeral party which opens the book is a lovely bit, and the chief condition of her will, making her poor son's prosperity dependant on his virility is good for a certain amount of that sort of humour.

Persis, the daughter of an Admiral and mistress of a composer we meet stretched upon a pile of music manuscript in a room which might have been the set for *Look Back In Anger*. She is undoubtedly the most delightful wag-tail and the most honest Bad Girl one is likely to meet in Canadian fiction for some time to come.

Consider also, dear reader, Ma Gall, so repulsively real, so morosely half-alive, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" Certainly in this *Mixture Of Frailties*.

The male characters on the other hand are all likable chaps. They may do shocking things such as seducing their students, but they do it all so honestly! Revelstoke is a masterly creation. A brilliant, Angry Young Composer in search of himself, resentful, divided victim of the philistines. The emotional truth embodied in the character of Revelstoke has power to move the reader and this makes his tragedy too real for the rest of the story to bear. The comic spirit is never regained after his debacle.

A Mixture Of Frailties is more robust, more coherent and written with a surer touch than the other two Salterton novels. Mr. Davies' picture of the lower orders of Salterton, the set led by Pastor Beamis, is Hogarthian in its merciless insight and his satire is undiminished. One may say without qualification that this is Mr. Davies' best novel to date, though not without a certain unaccountable stiffness and its occasional dull patches.

Hilda Kirkwood

FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN: Gerald Stevens; Ryerson; pp. 72; \$3.95.

Mr. Coburn was born in 1871 in the Eastern Townships, studied in Montreal, New York, Germany, and Paris. On his return to Canada he illustrated the poems of W. H. Drummond on habitant life published by Putnam's of New York; this began a successful career as an illustrator. Mr. Coburn then went to study at the Slade in London under Henry Tonks meanwhile doing illustrations for London periodicals. He began to study painting in Antwerp and then in The Hague. Came the first World War and a change in methods of illustration and Mr. Coburn returned to Canada and settled again in Upper Melbourne, his birthplace, with this and Montreal as his centres of activity. By the encouragement of his two friends Frank Stevens the art dealer and Maurice Cullen the painter, he was stimulated to paint what he saw immediately around him, the Canadian winter, farmers and horses and sleighs and remnants of nineteenth century living which were disappearing so fast. He has also been interested in figure painting and in photography.

This is a useful, pleasant, well rounded little book with an account of the artist's methods, his palette, a list of private owners of his pictures and where they may be seen in public collections. Mr. Coburn has had a long and satisfying career, and his paintings have always been in great demand by collectors. The book gives a series of black and white plates of paintings and photographs showing the range of his work with notes. The foreword by A. Y. Jackson deprecates the lack of enterprise of the Royal Canadian Academy of which Mr. Coburn has been a member for nearly forty years, for not encouraging so genuine an artist as F. S. Coburn to exert a wider influence.

Helen Frye

COLLECTED POEMS, VOL. II: Roy Campbell; The Bodley Head; pp. 256; \$4.50.

I suppose there is something admirable — awesome if you like — about any elemental force: hurricane, earthquake, volcanic eruption — and Roy Campbell. He rushed around Europe all his life with energy enough for ten men, writing poetry, breaking horses, fighting bulls, skindiving, shooting lions and buffalo, soldiering in both world wars (and the Spanish Civil War), and getting into all sorts of mischief. Perhaps he lived in a sort of delirium of adventure — a prolonged adolescence, someone has said.

At any rate all that now remains is poetry — the second volume of the collected edition in particular. Because Campbell died in May, 1957 in an auto accident.

Having some opinions of my own about Campbell I was interested in the press comments the publisher used for blurbs. Richard Church in *John O'London* says:

At his best he has written poems that will surely live as long as English poetry lives.

G. S. Fraser in the *New Statesman* says:

Mr. Campbell's place . . . among the dozen or so more important poets of our time is assured . . .

Robert Speaight in *The Tablet* says:

. . . his mastery of traditional metre is matched by the inspiration of traditional themes.

So there we are. It would seem we have a ruddy genius on our hands. So let's take a look at the poetry — and it should be said that Campbell's later work is polemical, satirical, and unabashed malevolent attack on certain individuals and groups (particularly everyone but Wyndham Lewis). In Memoriam of "Mosquito," my partner in the horse trade, gipsy of the Lozoya Clan,

I never felt such glory
As handcuffs on my wrists.
My body stunned and gory
With toothmarks on my fists:
The triumph through the square,
My horse behind me led,
A pistol at my cutlets
Three rifles at my head:
And four of those Red bastards
To hold one wounded man . . .

I think this trifle has some element of reality — quite apart from the political viewpoint. It is false-heroic, I would say, because that picture is false as well as true. And the ambiguity is not resolved.

Another excerpt:

The ivory, the jet, the coral,
The dainty groove that dints her back
To take the sting from every moral
And make each jealousy or quarrel
The fiercer aphrodisiac.

But the poem Campbell himself regarded as his major work is "Flowering Rifle," which deals with the Spanish Civil War — as if it were fought yesterday in your own backyard. In fact the author behaves as if this is the precise psychiatric worm burrowing beneath his fingernails, the one most important living event in his life — as perhaps it was. Campbell fought in that war on the Franco side and, if you believe him, all the detestable elements in the world were gathered to oppose him personally on the other: Jews, communists, intellectuals, etc.

Open the 120 page poem anywhere, excerpt a line, any line: "Even as now in this stupendous fight" (p. 207).

Notice the ding-dong beat? This metre is Campbell's star predominant. If he varies it by placing two stressed syllables back to back it must be regarded as a radical departure. Needless to say the style becomes very tedious (it just about drives me to Dudek's theory of prose metrics). Indeed I found the "poem"'s scattered multitude of footnotes much more interesting.

Campbell refers to his earlier poem, the "Georgiad": "... now a classic, and this poem — which soon will be" (p. 145).

Referring to Maeztu, de Rivera and others:

. . . they were intellectuals on a higher scale, and died better than the cowardly Lorca. If the author of this poem, a better poet than Lorca, so Borges the leading S. American critic points out, had not been resourceful, he would have died like Lorca, but at the hands of the Reds (p. 199).

A few years prior to the publication of this collected volume Campbell translated Lorca into English, and I regard the result as accidentally the best of all Lorca translations. But it would appear that Campbell changed his

mind about Lorca between the date of that translation and this collected edition.

Well, he is dead, and we cannot question him about such things. But even dead, I should like to think his ghostly, present-day opinions of Lorca as a man and a poet would be a little more generous than that. I hope so.

A. W. Purdy

PATHFINDERS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC: Marius Barbeau; Ryerson; pp. 235; \$6.00.

ROUNDELAYS: DANSONS A LA RONDE: Marius Barbeau, Maurice Blackburn, Joy Tranter, Marjorie Borden, Grace Melvin; National Museum of Canada; pp. 104; \$2.50.

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX AND OTHER FRENCH-CANADIAN FAIRY TALES: Marius Barbeau and Michael Hornyansky; Oxford University Press; pp. 144; \$3.00.

Dr. Marius Barbeau is not only Canada's greatest folklorist: he is surely our most prolific writer. In 1950 the editors of *The Journal of American Folklore*, dedicating a special issue to him, noted that he was then "the author of more than eighty books and monographs". Although he officially retired in 1948, he has continued to turn out several new books each year. The three listed above illustrate three different facets of his remarkable career.

Pathfinders in the North Pacific emphasizes Dr. Barbeau's thorough knowledge of anthropology and his ability to present it in a fascinating form. It is in effect a sequel to *Alaska Beckons*, an earlier book in which he showed how Alaska served as an American gateway for Siberia's wandering tribes in prehistoric times. Here he continues the story with the arrival of the Russians in the Aleutian Islands and Alaska in search of furs. He tells how the irresistible call of the sea-otter inspired Captain Cook's arrival in 1778, and the opening of the Chinese port of Canton in the following decade. The East India Company's search for furs brought about English trade with China, and in their pursuit of the elusive otter Russian, British, Spanish and French traders nearly ran afoul of one another in the waters of the North Pacific.

Against this international background Dr. Barbeau sketches in many fascinating incidents in the early history of Alaska and the Yukon. Among these are the recollections of an aged miner and prospector who roamed the north years before the great gold rush, of other old-timers who followed the trail of '98, and the strange tale of William Duncan, "the Apostle of Alaska".

Roundelays is the latest of many books presenting folk songs collected by Dr. Barbeau in the forty years he worked for the National Museum. It gives twenty-one French-Canadian folk dances and games, with piano arrangements by Maurice Blackburn, English interpretations by Joy Tranter, illustrations by Marjorie Borden, and cover by Grace Melvin. The songs are varied and tuneful, the arrangements simple and well suited to the material. Miss Tranter's translations catch the spirit of the French verses quite well, but unfortunately they are less successful in following the rhythms of the music, with the result that they are not very singable.

The Golden Phoenix is a re-telling of eight French-Canadian fairy tales from the rich treasure-house of folklore which Dr. Barbeau has amassed. He has already published French editions of these stories in a series of twelve booklets, *Les Contes du Grand-père Sept-Heures* (Montreal: Les Editions Chantecler). Here they are interpreted by Michael Hornyansky, a Canadian scholar and poet who teaches English at Carleton University.

The tales are all European in origin. Brought to this continent by the early French settlers three hundred years ago, they were handed down from generation to generation until Dr. Barbeau recorded them. Some date from the twelfth century, and one can be traced back to an Egyptian tale first recorded in the sixth century before Christ. Another has its source in Arabia and may have come to this continent by way of China.

Dr. Barbeau tells us that he and Mr. Hornyansky have "aimed at achieving in our own way a literary uplifting similar to that of Grimm, Andersen, and Perrault in the tales of their people that have now become familiar everywhere". Certainly these tales are much more polished than the rustic narratives collected from farmers and lumberjacks, but they have kept some of the simplicity and directness that gave the originals power to survive over the centuries.

The book has been attractively illustrated by Arthur Price.

Edith Fowke

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(Continued from front page)

tion. Make it into a "free city", and there will be two Germanies, not three. Weaken Berlin's special status, open the way to incorporation in the D.D.R., and the lines of division in Germany will harden, probably irrevocably.

And the free city proposal almost certainly means incorporation. Already Walther Ulbricht is flexing his muscles in anticipation of greater triumphs to come. Suppose the West were to accept the Free City proposal; or suppose it didn't but the USSR went ahead with its transfer to the D.D.R. It is easy to suggest that it makes little difference if the *Volkspolizei* man the check points on the *Autobahn* instead of the Red Army, or if the Ulbricht regime were to be granted recognition. But Ulbricht would find unmistakably strong the temptation to squeeze West Berlin economically, to reject requests for the shipping of exports to the West on the grounds that they could be sold in the East in exchange for raw materials, to prohibit flying by foreign aircraft to West Berlin. Berlin could be worn down and conquered without resort to forcible measures. And, as a more difficult front man for his Russian bosses Ulbricht could force the Allies and West Germans alike to negotiate with him and so secure the recognition he covets. One ought to be clear too, that recognition for Pankow is not to be viewed in the same light as recognition for Peiping. To recognize Red China is to recognize the facts of life. To recognize Pankow is to recognize as an independent power a puppet without life of its own; and to acknowledge the permanency of the division of Germany and of the existence of the satellite empire.

However alluring the formula "free city under the United Nations" may sound in the ears of the incurably optimistic East or even in the more sophisticated sceptical West, it thus clearly merits the unanimous chorus of Noes, Nons, and Neins with which it has been greeted. But there the unanimity has stopped. Bonn and Washington seem pretty well content to leave it at that, take their stand on the *status quo*, and build hopefully on the past. From Berlin and London have come rather different overtones. Willy Brandt, the able young Social Democratic mayor of Berlin, re-elected a few weeks ago in a thumping victory, which gave him an unprecedented majority of the votes cast and the Russians a resounding rebuff to their crudely phrased challenge, has urged the need for "a more serious attempt to solve the German question and to settle European security issues." And Selwyn Lloyd has urged that an attempt should be made to see if the Soviet proposals provide some way of using the Berlin question to reopen the whole question of Germany, perhaps along the lines of disengagement as advocated by Mr. Kennan or an atom free zone as proposed by M. Rapacki. It is dangerous in a periodical destined not to appear for some weeks yet to forecast what will be a matter of fact within days, especially when strikers have deprived intellectually dependent commentators in Canada of the sustaining diet of the *New York Times*. But it will be very surprising if the Paris meetings result in anything more concrete or imaginative than the formula hold fast but protest willingness to negotiate.

But the pledge of willingness to negotiate must be something more than a mere meaningless declaration of not very firm intent. A few years hence the decade since 1949 may come to be regarded as the years the locusts ate, and the West Germans grew fat, years in which the cry hold fast sufficed for a policy. Once again the Soviet government has thrown down a challenge; once again the West must try to pick up the pieces, try to patch up a new policy, all under the threat of the crisis which Krushchev promises when, six

months hence, the D.D.R. becomes the agent (ostensible) controlling the approaches to Berlin. That said, of course, one must add the fact that to devise a policy for Berlin is a conundrum to tax the wisdom of the ages. Nothing will be gained by ignoring the realities which make the German question so intractable. There is so little room for manoeuvre, so little place for concession. Nothing can be done which will weaken Berlin's security or undermine the freedom of its two and a half million inhabitants. The city is of course indefensible, the 10,000 troops merely performing police duties. Nor shall we sleep much more peacefully if we substitute the threat of atomic retaliation to counter any move against the city for the allied divisions in western Germany which now provide a more conventional form of guarantee.

Difficult as it will be to try and work out some satisfactory solution, it must be attempted — though obviously not under the threat of Soviet counter measures — and it might well be combined with Herr Lemmer's proposal for an offensive against Herr Ulbricht. And at least we can be grateful to Mr. Krushchev for providing a conclusive answer to those well-meaning souls who persist in the fantasy that Germany divided represents less of a threat to the peace and security of the world than would Germany reunited. The Berlin crisis of 1958 has shown that the division of Germany is an open sore, in a wound in the European body politic which can be counted upon to precipitate recurrent and dangerous crises, and which indeed could one day erupt into a river of blood. He has also brought home another lesson to the Western Powers, by reminding them that a Big Four has replaced a Big Three. Sitting down in Paris to plot NATO strategy, however much Messrs Diefenbaker and Smith may dislike it, were the representatives of the United States, Britain, France and Germany. This has only made it clear that it is impossible for the alliance to take any steps which do not carry with it the support of the Federal Republic. Perhaps this was evident as early as 1953; it is certainly unmistakably clear in 1958. This does not mean a Bonn power of veto. But it does mean that in the European game, with the high stakes of Berlin, and indeed western Germany and Europe itself on the table, there can not be the slightest evidence of weakening in Western backing for the Federal Republic. To do so would play into the anti-democratic opponents of the Bonn regime, and to open the door to the solution of the German question on Russian, not Western, terms. 1945 seems very far away.

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